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MSS. OF THE PACIFIC.—No. IV.

TABOGA. 1849 AND '50.

THERE are, besides the main stream, two other smaller streams following a like course down neighboring valleys, and they all go on flowing night and day, cool and murmuring. These are perpetual fountains, shut out from the sun and hot day by an evergreen shade of tropical growth, ever ready to cool the parching heat and panting thirst of the endless summer of this torrid region. But the greater stream, which flows through the centre of the village, about which the natives have thronged like so many thirsty hounds after a hot pursuit, is the supreme fountain. This is the chief attraction of the island to foreign visitors. Saratoga and Cheltenham never drew to them a more gallant company than this trickling mountain stream of this far-off, unknown, little island of Taboga. Here, in these latter days of travel, fine old men of war, formal aristocrats, ponderous merchantmen, men of substance, hard-working and thriving mechanic steamers, master-workmen, fast-sailing clippers, fast-men and rakes, trim little cutters, pert dandies, come to take the waters. Here at the Taboga Spa they refresh, and drink in a new energy for a further voyage of life. They are not content with overflowing bumpers here, but like knowing men of the world they take in a goodly store for the future. Here about the stream may be always seen a jolly company of thirsty, big-bellied casks, tended by moist serving-men, drenched sailors; these big-bellied casks, old toppers as they are, are not to be contented with a single pull, but go on, drink after drink, to their full, and are at last sent off reeling down the beach, and go bobbing and rolling unsteadily in the water, till they are towed alongside, hoisted in by main force, and finally stowed away in the hold of the ship, and tucked in with cleets and old spars. This will prove to be a stock of old Adam's best—the veritable Paradise brand—to be tapped, mayhap, on a stormy night off Cape Horn "when the winds do blow," or some thirsty day of a hot, stifling calm in the tropic;

or in a hot pursuit after whale, off the far away northwest coast; or homeward bound, within the sight of native earth and sky, to fill a bumper to those we love.

The natives of Taboga are like amphibious ducks, they are perpetually in and out of the water, they drink deeply of it, they bathe in it unceasingly, they absorb it at every pore, they are completely saturated with it. Most of the natives have in consequence a soft, limpid look, like a foreboding drowsy, and their children have great distended pot-bellies, and look, lying about naked, like pig-skins filled with Spanish wine, ripening in the sun.

Following the course of this main stream up the valley through the deep shade of a tropical forest, along a path worn by constant footsteps, and bordered by bright-hued flowers, scarlet and orange colored, glistening out of full-leaved thickets of the deepest green, you come upon the Taboga bath. The bed of the stream is here widened into a natural basin of rock, bordered with flowering shrubs, and overshadowed with broad-leaved trees and a verdant net-work of vines and parasitic plants. A fall of water comes tumbling over some rocks hanging above, and striking with a gentle sound and a sparkling spray, fills the basin below, and the stream flows on its way. The travelled Sybarite may gloat over the luxurious remembrance of the completest of the *bains complets* at the Bains Chinois of the Parisian boulevard, of the magnetic and soothing influence of a Turkish bath, and yet he is but an anchorite in his imaginings, if he cannot compass the delights of the Taboga bath. From a hot, steaming atmosphere, which dissolves the energy of the body, palsies the nerves, takes away all strength from the muscles, and loosens the joints, you go into the bath, and are at once "braced to man," muscles, nerves, body, and will are all strengthened with a force before unknown, and fitted for yeoman's service. The change of temperature from the hot air to the cool water does not strike you with a chill and a shock, but you feel at once, with a sense of refreshing enjoyment, that you are in a medium most agreeable to the senses, and comfortable to the comfort of the body. You can sport like a dolphin in this glorious bath, plunge into its depth, float upon its surface, or, with the rock for a pedestal, receive like a water god the refreshing shower from the fountain above. This is the true Hydro-pathic establishment. Come hither, if you can, ye Bulwers, to cool your hot, seething, delirious brains! From your bath you can see the native laborers passing to and from their work up the valley, where their rudely cultivated field-patches lie in the sun aslant the hills. Men, women, and children go trooping by, a crowd, of Egyptian hue, in scant tropical costume—there they go—some carrying, poised on their swarthy shoulders, great palm-leaf baskets full of fruit, oranges, plantains, pine-apples, mangoes, yams, and maize; and others, women chiefly, bearing water-jars, monstrous in size, of a red earthen hue, and oriental shape and look. You can hear, too, the noisy glee of the women of Taboga washing in the stream, and catch a glance through the green trees of some coy maiden, a nut-brown Naiad, pouring from her calabash a cool and grateful

shower, which goes unreservedly all over her beautiful person, that shrinks gracefully from the embrace. Strengthened with a bath, you are prepared for a walk; stopping in the village, which is on the way, for a draught of cocoanut milk or a calabash bumper of chicha,* poured out by the fairy hands of Dolores herself. Emerging from the village, where you have been dodging about the huts which are scattered irregularly about, and been stumbling over the rough rocky ground on which they stand, you enter upon the path which leads to the Tamarind Grove.

Tall cocoanut trees, nodding their green plumes high in the air, stretch in long array, fronting the sea, and guard, like so many feathered grenadiers, one side of the path which leads to the Tamarind Grove; while on the other side, up the hill, there crowds a vast mass of foliage. The redwood of great might and size, the spreading mango with its russet fruit, the orange tree with its glistening green leaf, its white perfumed blossom, and its golden fruit; the feathery-leaved plantain, with its heaped-up abundance; graceful vines weaved in everywhere, flowering shrubs, a thick undergrowth, the modest mimosa, the sensitive plant shrinking on the earth below, all intermingle in a confused abundance of green growth, luscious fruit, and brilliant color. The sun may be pouring down a hot blaze of light upon the blue leaden surface of the still bay and its yellow beach as hard and smooth as a pavement of Sienna marble, but its hot rays are cooled by the deep shade in which you walk, and come in trembling on the path in a subdued and glimmering green light. The pathway soon opens into a freer space, where the tamarind trees extend over a level spot of earth that forms the southern end of the island. Inviting walks stretch winding in every direction through the trees, shaded above by the close intermingling of the green foliage, and lead as it may be to some palm-thatched hut nestling in the grove, or up the green hill into the tangled growth, or to the quiet bay, or down to the roaring sea shore.

Happy, and careless as to time, we will linger and make a day of it in these ways of pleasantness and of peace. We stroll about with no object but enjoyment that comes unbidden: it comes in the warmth and softness of the atmosphere; it comes in the perfume of the air breathing the aroma of flowers and of mellow fruit; it comes in the bounty of nature that gives its rich stores with an open hand, making labor vain, and in taking away all doubt of the morrow, smooths the wrinkles of care; it comes in the delight of the eye that looks everywhere upon the graceful forms of tree, plant, vine, and every growing thing, and upon the varied colors of leaf, flower, and fruit; and it comes in that sense of luxury that is felt by the glad guest of such a tropical feast spread by plenty and graced by beauty.

But we are human; we cannot, like the chameleon, thrive on air; or, like the butterfly, fatten on perfume. We will therefore go in search of more substantial food, and take our way through the Tamarind Grove, down that

* Chicha, a drink made of the fermented juice of the pineapple. It is sweet and slightly stimulating, like a mild beer.

by-path that closes upon a native hut hid among the trees. In the distance it looks not unlike some huge bird's nest half covered with the leaves, and the languid native girl swaying in the hammock, and startled at our approach, suggests to the fancy the fluttering of feathers. It is in fact a native cane hut, and the hammock is swinging gently to the languid movement of a Taboga beauty. We enter, bending under the low open doorway, pushing aside the leaves, and doffing our Guayaquil sombrero and uttering our *buenas dias*, *Señorita*, with the most courtly air at our command. After a modest flutter and a graceful movement of light drapery that drops like a curtain over the full form and rounded limb that had been wooing the warm air in unsuspected secret dalliance, we are courteously made welcome. To our question, *hay algunas cosas para comer?* we are answered a satisfactory *si señor*, and pointed to a corner where there is heaped up against the bamboo walls an abundance of plantains, bananas, mangoes, melons, *mame* apples, pines, and yellow oranges, fragrant with their mellow odors, and gushing with ripeness. As we look, feasting our eyes on the luscious heap, we see a monster of the alligator kind, a large, black, soft, fleshy thing, that seems to crawl torpidly about the heap: it has a long head like a serpent; its black skin hangs in loose folds about its throat, looking like the shrivelled neck of an African hag; its body is thick and flaccid; the back is roughened with a bony ridge, and the belly, glistening with a slimy white, falls in folds about its spreading claws, and its viper tail coils in and out among the fruit. This we are told is an *iguano*, and an innocent and much prized item of the larder, and is urged upon us as a delicacy that an Apicius might smack his lips over. We shudder out a *muchas gracias*, implying a very decided no, to the offer of cooking this monster for our dinner. Our host is a notable house-keeper, and while she is busy making ready our cheer, we have dropped into her grass hammock, into the very mould of her graceful form. As we swing in the hammock, we sweep the area of the whole hut, and examine the birdcage-like structure: its sides are made of canes placed upright and joined together at the top and bottom with cross-pieces, fastened by cords made of a native grass; the roof rises in a palm-leaf thatch that ascends in a central ridge and falls with a steep descent, bringing the eaves in a leafy fringe low down over the sides. The doors and windows, rudely cut out of the cane walls, open into the green grove. A great red earthen jar dripping with moisture, filled with delicious water, always kept cool by the evaporation through the porous clay of which it is made, standing in one corner with a goodly show of white calabashes arranged about, two or three hides stretched on the bare ground, some palm leaf baskets lying near, and the swinging hammock fastened to the ridge pole, moving in its breezy sweep, are all the simple contents of the palm-thatched hut. The goodly housewife, as we look about us, is in the meantime busying herself with the preparation of our feast, and although she labors with a notable zeal, all she does is done with grace of movement and a soft languid ease, that lighten all her labor. The plantains have been thrust into the orange-wood fire just outside the door in sight of the swinging hammock, and the dame as she sits beneath the shade of a spreading tamarind, is busy dropping into a calabash of rice into which has been poured the milky juice, a shower of snow-white meat which she grates with a shell from the ripe

cocoanut. The mealy plantain has burst its leathery jacket, and the rice mingled with the meat and milk of the cocoanut is done to a turn, and we feast; and our Taboga Hebe pours out for us a calabash bumper of chicha, in which her health and an eternity to her beauty are of course feelingly pledged. For dessert we have no choice to make; we take what is offered from the stores of fruit, and are glutted with the sweets of the orange, the melon, and the luscious pine. To crown all, all hail our good friend, the wide world's friend, Tobacco! We ask for a cigar, and our maiden plies her ready hand. She has a store of the finest leaf Taboga grown, and culling the choicest from the heaped-up palm leaf basket, sits at our feet rolling it into form. She spreads the broad moist leaves here, and there she heaps the drier fragments, and with her nimble fingers moulding the latter into shape, wraps them into the former with a cunning twirl; then she seals the envelopes with the exuding juice of the plantain, and lo, cigar after cigar rolls out before us in tempting abundance. She is proud of her skill, and throws back her unbound hair that had fallen like a thick black veil over her face as she bent to her work, and turns her dark eyes towards us in the hammock, and there is a smile of vanity in them, as she stretches out her hand grasped full of cigars, her cunning handiwork. We smoke and puff away the day in a lazy dream. We do not envy a Cuban Don.

CRITIQUE ON "THE NEW ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY BY SEBA SMITH."

BY PROF. E. LOOMIS, N. Y. UNIVERSITY.

THE following article was prepared at the suggestion of the President of the New York Academy of Education, and was presented in the form of a lecture, before the Academy, at their meeting on the 14th ult., in the University Chapel. In compliance with a request of the Academy, it is now given to the public.

Philosophers have sometimes flattered themselves that there were some principles of science so firmly established that there was no danger of their being overthrown by the progress of discovery. The elementary principles of Geometry and the Newtonian law of gravitation may be quoted as examples of this kind. But in this age of free inquiry, no principle appears to be secure against the cavils of scientific smatterers. In a neighboring city there is published a periodical, the leading object of which is to prove that the Newtonian law of gravitation is inadequate to account for the motion of the planets in their orbits about the sun; and the object of the "New Elements of Geometry, by Seba Smith," is to prove that Euclid and Archimedes, Newton and Laplace, with the entire mathematical world, have been groping their way in a fog, entirely ignorant of the fundamental principles of their science.

In offering some remarks upon the "New Elements," I propose to state—

I. Some of the fundamental principles of Geometry, as they have been received by all mathematicians from Euclid to the present time; and

II. I will notice some particulars in which Mr. Smith differs from the mathematicians.

1. I will state some of the fundamental principles of Geometry.

The object of geometry is the measure of extension or space. Extension in its largest sense has three dimensions—length, breadth, and thickness. Pure geometry does not treat of the properties of material bodies, such as wood and stone, but it treats of the properties

of void space; that is, of space which is not supposed to contain matter. It is not difficult to conceive of such space having precise and definite boundaries. Thus, in a dwelling-house every apartment has a certain capacity; and it bears a definite relation to the capacity of every other apartment in the building; and that capacity would remain the same, although those apartments contained no material bodies. The properties of material bodies are considered under the head of Natural Philosophy. It has been contended that our idea of extension is derived entirely from material objects; that a mind which had never been conversant with the material world, could have no idea of extension or space. Without stopping to settle this question, it is certain that we are so constituted as to be able to conceive of space without matter—of space having length, breadth, and thickness. This hall, for example, is sufficient to suggest the idea of a limited portion of space, 50 feet in length, 30 feet in breadth, and 16 feet in height. Such a portion of space Geometers call a *solid*; by which they do not mean that it has solidity in the mechanical sense of the term,—as when we speak of the solidity of a mass of granite, but simply that it combines the three dimensions of extension—length, breadth, and thickness. Lacroix has proposed to employ the word *volume* instead of *solidity*, as being less liable to misconception.

Having obtained the idea of extension in three directions, it is not difficult to form an idea of extension in two directions, length and breadth. The ceiling of this hall is sufficient to suggest such an idea. Extension in two dimensions geometers call a *surface*. When we say that a farm contains a hundred acres of land, and is in a square form, we direct attention simply to the extent of the farm in length and breadth. The depth of the soil is a matter to which our statement has no reference. In speaking of the ceiling of this hall, I might call it a surface 50 feet long, and 30 feet broad; I say nothing about its thickness. The amount of surface is entirely independent of the thickness of the material of which the ceiling is composed. The ceiling may be supposed to consist of plaster half an inch in thickness, or it may be supposed to consist of paper, less than the hundredth part of an inch in thickness, or it may be supposed to consist of gold leaf less than the hundred thousandth part of an inch in thickness, the extent of surface in each case is identically the same. When I say that the ceiling of this hall contains 1500 square feet of surface, I make no reference to the thickness of the covering. Hence mathematicians are accustomed to make abstraction of the length and breadth, and say that a surface has length and breadth without thickness.

Having acquired a correct idea of surface, we may derive from it the idea of a line. The ceiling of this hall is extended 50 feet in the direction of its length, and 30 feet in the direction of its breadth. It is not difficult to form an idea of extension in length, apart from extension in breadth. The two ideas are entirely distinct from each other. The ceiling of this hall might be reduced to half or one tenth its present breadth, and its length remain unchanged. When I say that Albany is 150 miles from New York, I intend to convey the idea of extension in one direction merely. The road by which we travel may be four rods wide or only one. The breadth of the road does not in the slightest degree affect the distance. Hence mathematicians are accustomed to separate the idea of length from that of

breadth or thickness, and to say that a line has length without breadth or thickness.

The idea of a line readily conducts us to the idea of a point. As a line has neither breadth nor thickness, the extremity of a line will have neither length, breadth, nor thickness, but position only. This is what mathematicians call a *point*. Thus we arrive at the idea of a point, a line, a surface, and a solid. The first of these has no extension or magnitude. We therefore have three classes of magnitudes, lines, surfaces, and solids. The first have extension in one direction only; the second have extension in two directions; the third have extension in three directions.

A mathematical line must not be understood to be a material existence, but simply a conception of the mind. We cannot construct materially a mathematical line. If I draw a chalk line upon the black-board, this is not the line defined in Geometry, because it has breadth and thickness as well as length. I may construct a rude figure upon the black-board, and from it demonstrate a Proposition in Geometry, yet in fact the proposition is *not true* of the figure which I have drawn upon the board, nor of any figure which it is in my power to draw. It is only true of that ideal figure which my rude diagram is designed to suggest. If I wished to approximate as near as possible to a mathematical line by means of a material illustration, I might take a fine platinum wire, one thousandth of an inch in diameter, or the finest thread of a spider, which is still smaller, but even this has breadth and thickness as well as length. We must suppose this spider thread to become infinitely attenuated, until it ceases to have breadth, while its length remains unchanged, and we shall obtain the conception of a mathematical line. To a truly philosophic mind, the demonstration of Euclid's Forty-seventh Proposition is just as satisfactory and conclusive when illustrated by a rude diagram in chalk upon the black-board, as when tested by the most accurate figure which an engraver could construct upon a polished steel plate. Hence we see the legitimate object of a diagram in a Geometrical demonstration. Its office is to aid us in keeping steadily before the mind's eye that ideal figure which our rude diagram is merely designed to suggest. We do not claim that our proposition is true of the figure which we have actually drawn, but only of that ideal and perfect figure which we have pictured in our mind.

It may be asked, Why reduce everything to this ideal standard? why not take figures such as we can actually construct out of material bodies? The answer is, that geometry would in that case immediately cease to be the perfect science it now is. If we admit lines to have a little breadth, and surfaces to have a little thickness, the propositions of geometry, which are now rigorously exact, become only approximately true. Thus, if the diagonal of a square had breadth, the sum of the two parts into which the square is divided by the diagonal, would not be equal to the whole square. The sum of the two parts into which a circle is divided by its diameter, would not be equal to the entire circle. If a point be admitted to have extension, then the same circle may have radii which differ in length by the diameter of a point. If it be contended that a point has no extension, but that a line nevertheless has breadth, then to the same circle we may draw several parallel lines, each of which shall contain the centre in some part of its breadth. Of course, these lines could not all have the same length, that is, all the diameters of a circle could not be equal to each other. We

cannot draw a mathematical line on paper; we cannot make a right angle; we cannot construct a square. The proposition that "in any right-angled triangle the square described on the hypotenuse is equivalent to the sum of the squares on the other two sides," is true only of the ideal triangle of geometry. It is not true of any triangle which human hands can construct. The most accurate figure which man can form is only an approximation to the perfection of geometry; and the preceding proposition will be more and more nearly verified the nearer our figure approaches to this perfect standard.

It may be supposed that all this is unnecessary refinement, that we can never have occasion to apply principles so subtle. Never was there a greater mistake. In the application of the mathematics to the different branches of Natural Philosophy and to Astronomy, we have occasion for just such principles as are unfolded in geometry. I will illustrate this remark by an example: The moon revolves about the earth in an orbit of an elliptic form; and it is a matter of great importance both to the interests of navigation and to the science of astronomy to be able to construct tables from which the moon's place may be accurately computed many years in advance of observations. In accomplishing this object, inasmuch as the moon is a large body, we must fix upon some particular point of the moon to which to refer our observations. The point generally agreed upon for this purpose is the moon's centre. Now the moon's centre has no extension. It is a point, according to the strict definition of geometry. We are required to trace the motion of this point in its progress around the earth; and since this point has no dimensions, its path will have length, but without breadth or thickness. This, then, is a line in the strict rigor of geometry, and the figure inclosed by this line in one complete revolution of the moon will have extension in two directions, but without thickness. This, then, is a surface in the full rigor of the mathematical definition. In order to be able to follow the moon in its motions, we must know the properties of this figure which has no thickness, bounded by a line which has neither breadth nor thickness. The same remark applies to the motion of the earth's centre, and that of each of the planets about the sun. Indeed, the whole science of astronomy affords little else than a continued series of applications of the principles of pure geometry to the problems of nature.

The ideas which mathematicians attach to the terms line and surface do not differ very widely from those which mankind at large attach to them, especially when they aim at entire precision of language. We often, indeed, hear a cord or a rope called a line, but every one understands this to imply a loose use of language. When a surveyor draws a plan of a farm with the greatest precision, he represents the boundary lines by very delicate marks; or, if he uses heavy ink lines, every one understands that this is for the purpose of distinct vision, and not because the boundary lines are actually broad. The boundary lines of farms, towns, states, and empires, are ordinary mathematical lines as defined in geometry. The boundary between the United States beyond the Mississippi and the British North American Possessions is the parallel of forty-nine degrees. Has this boundary line any breadth? Is there an intermediate strip of neutral ground which belongs to neither party? The two countries do not so understand it. The British Possessions are *contiguous* to those of the United States. They are separated by an imaginary

line of no breadth. The same remark applies to most of the boundaries of the States which compose this Union. These boundaries are generally parallels of latitude, or meridians of longitude, or straight lines joining two well known points. Even when a river is made the boundary, it is generally provided that the boundary shall follow the middle of the principal channel, so that two adjacent States are still separated by an ideal line. The State of Illinois is divided into townships six miles square by parallels and meridians. Have these bounding lines some breadth? Is there a strip of land separating any two adjacent towns and not belonging to either of them?

I will give one more illustration of the same principle, borrowed from the generally received standard of weights and measures. In ancient times the standard of measures was derived from the parts of the human body, as a foot, a digit, a cubit, a yard, &c., but as these are not of the same dimensions in all men, Henry I. commanded that the yard should be made of the exact length of his own arm. After the death of Henry, the English found it difficult to verify their standard, and after a variety of changes, they have finally agreed upon the seconds pendulum as the standard of measures of length, and our own government have adopted the same. What, then, is a seconds pendulum? It is a pendulum making one vibration in a second. And what is the length of such a pendulum as understood in this application? Is it the distance between the extreme points of an ordinary pendulum with a large rod and a heavy bob attached to it? By no means. Is it the distance from the point of suspension to the lowest point of the bob of the pendulum? By no means. Is it the distance from the point of suspension to the centre of gravity of the bob of the pendulum? By no means. What, then, is meant by the length of the seconds pendulum? It is the length of an ideal pendulum which has not even a material existence—which cannot possibly be constructed by human hands. The pendulum which forms the standard of all our measures of length is defined to be a single particle of matter suspended by a line *without weight*, and making one vibration per second. A line without weight of course can never be constructed; and this is the ideal standard to which all the measures of Great Britain and the United States are referred. Thus we see that statesmen, when they wish to establish standards and boundaries beyond the reach of change or the possibility of dispute, are compelled to adopt the ideal conceptions of the mathematician. Such standards are definite, precise, and unalterable.

It is believed that the preceding view of geometry is substantially the one which has been adopted by all mathematicians from the time of Euclid to the present day. Perhaps, however, this statement needs a slight qualification: Cavallerius, an Italian mathematician, about two centuries ago, conceived of lines as made up of indefinitely small points; surfaces of an indefinite number of parallel lines, the breadth of which he considered as indefinitely small; and solids of an indefinite number of indefinitely thin plates or laminae. A book whose leaves are supposed to be indefinitely thin, affords an illustration of the manner in which Cavallerius conceived solids to be formed. This method enables us to arrive at many important results in geometry with great directness and facility; but the philosophical principle upon which it is founded has been pronounced faulty by some of the acutest reasoners. The advocates of the infinitesimal analysis, however, agree with its opponents in

denying to a surface any thickness which is capable of being expressed in numbers. Both agree that a surface is not to be regarded as having a thickness equal to the one-millionth part of an inch, nor the billionth part of an inch, nor any thickness which we can assign in numbers. According to Euclid, a surface has absolutely no thickness. According to the other view, a surface would require to be repeated an *infinite* number of times to make a *finite* thickness, as, for example, one inch.

ABURDITIES OF CERTAIN MODERN THEORIES OF EDUCATION.

BY TAYLOR LEWIS.

II.

INDUCTIVE PROCESS—THE TRUE METHOD—POSITIVE TEACHING—MEMORITER INSTRUCTION.

BUT to return from what may seem an unnecessary digression. Let us proceed to explain generally, what is meant by the other method, for which the preference is now generally claimed as more philosophical in its application to every department of science. It is enough for us to describe it as in all respects the opposite of the former. Here no truth is, in the first place, formally presented to the student's mind, as an object of investigation or proof; but he is supposed, by commencing with certain principles, to *evolve* something previously unknown scientifically, and never even presented to the mind as a proposition or a fact. This is called *development*—knowledge brought from the student's own mind, a calling out of his own powers, or, to use a very common phrase, a learning him to *think for himself*. Some would be inclined to call it the Platonic method; but this, as could be shown if space permitted, comes from an entire misconception of the doctrine of ideas and reminiscences.

The word *development* is much used, as though it were peculiar to the analytic; but there is true development in what, as the opposite of the other, we have called the synthetic method. The innate ideas of the soul, as far as there are any which can be called such, are brought out in their fairest proportions, and in their most healthy forms, when, at their very birth into the objective world, the best moulds of expression are prepared for their reception. There is also, in what goes under the name of the analytic, as well as in the synthetic, an outward didactic process. The apparent evolving from the student's own mind, without outward instruction, is, as we have said, all a cheat. It is only substituting leading questions, and sometimes misleading ones, for a direct and frank imparting of knowledge. There is, however, in this counterfeit induction, a worse fault than its deceptiveness and unreality. The steps have not been marked. The boundaries between the old and the new knowledge have not been defined. That which is of far more importance than mere knowledge in itself considered, namely, its relative rank and value in the scale of knowledge, or its right position in respect to previous truth, has not been attended to. The student has arrived at some result in his gropings, but even where this is a right result there is little or nothing to hold upon the memory, either in the steps or the conclusion, and both are therefore soon obscured, if not wholly lost. He knows not how far he has travelled, nor by what road, nor where he is, because there have been no guide-boards nor milestones upon his way.

The whole error of such a course would seem to arise from confounding the natural

order of instruction, or of imparting truth, with the order of its discovery. In the one case, we are forced to the latter method, because we have reached the boundary of previous knowledge, and must launch forth beyond what had before been gathered in, and systematically bound together from the chaotic ocean of outward fact.* To require this of the youthful mind, before it had reached that terminus in any science, is to confound and bewilder the student, under pretence of making him think for himself. Just as though this thinking for himself were the great object of instruction, and not that he should think clearly and strongly; and, above all, that he should think right, from whatever source his thoughts may have come. If, moreover, he would ever truly think for himself with strength and clearness, he must first be content to think with others through the domain of what may be called settled science, and established truth. The other method assumes, or seems to assume, that there is no such domain. All things are to be taken as yet unsettled and unknown. It is made a merit in the student that he thus regards it. All his studies are to proceed upon such a supposition of fancied independence. Other minds have discovered nothing—at least nothing for him. He is to make his own way through the wilderness, and this, too, on the modest assumption that others have failed in finding truth, or, at all events, that there is no path which he can trust on their authority. Any such idea would be only a subjecting the mind to trammels, and an impediment to the freedom of thought. Now, besides the sham and mockery of all this, the great mischief is, that what the student starts with as a hypothesis merely, although a very foolish hypothesis, becomes at length a settled habit of his mind. He grows up with this wretched conceit of thinking for himself, and despising all authority; while the continual effort at independence, or the avoidance of any path marked out by others, take away all true freedom and enlargement, as well as all rectitude of thought. In this way, too, the student loses the invigorating confidence of truth, from the darkening assumption that it is ever to be discovered, even in its elementary foundations.

When, however, he has really reached this terminus of settled science, he may, on that very account, with the stronger faith, launch his boat into the sea of the yet undiscovered and unknown. The art or science of analysis should, it is true, be taught as a distinct branch of culture or mental exercise, to be used when occasion calls for it; but the error complained of consists in reversing the order of nature, and making it the universal method in all departments. Youth are encouraged to be explorers and discoverers before they have learned the foundations of knowledge, or have even ascertained that there are any such foundations.

Thus in religious teaching, the tendency now is to throw away the catechism, which is but the gathered knowledge of parents, and teachers, and past ages, and have the child learn, or teach himself, directly from the Scriptures, or from reason; just as though in learn-

ing natural science, he should be thrown upon the book of nature, as it is called, without other guide, or text-book, or authority. Now, we run no risk in saying, that in both departments, natural as well as moral, he learns little or nothing correctly; and this simply because there are before him no distinct formulas, or propositions, or moulds of thought, the arranged conclusions of older and surer guides, by the aid of which he may gather up and classify his own inductions, if he ever has any that he may call his own. He is to study it all out for himself, on the ground that he is to have confidence in his own immature reason; and what makes this the very sublime of rationality is the ever accompanying hypothesis, that he is to receive with distrust, or as a threatened invasion of his own independence, what has come to us as the condensed reason and the collected science of ages.

By way of illustration of the method of instruction we are defending, let us take some familiar examples from the more ordinary sciences. In arithmetic and algebra, the order of nature, and the method of teaching grounded upon it, would require that distinct rules and propositions should first be learned in that mode of late so much condemned, namely memoriter, or by rote; secondly, that the processes and operations denoted by these rules, should be known as matters of fact, or things to be done; thirdly, that they should actually be performed in practice and have become perfectly familiar as processes, or matters of skilful manual operation, and all this before there was any theorizing about them, or any attempt at explanation beyond making plain the method of operation. Thus, in the "Rule of Three," to use the common language of the school-house, let the pupil do every *sum*, the hard ones as well as easy ones, those that have fractions and all, accurately, easily, and rapidly, before he is allowed to ask a single question in respect to what is called its reason and philosophy. It is all the better that there should seem to be, at first, a sort of magical working of the figures, and surprise at the strangely accurate results as tested by some like magical mode of proof. The writer speaks from experience, both as a learner and teacher, in saying that this will only call out more strongly the scientific interest, if rightly employed for that purpose, as well as a more distinct apprehension of the rationale itself, than would have been had it been attempted in the beginning, before the process, as a process, had been clearly mastered.

Such we believe to be the order of nature. The thing itself, as something to be done, or as an existing reality like the declension of a noun, or the conjugation of a verb, or as a settled construction in syntax, or some fact or proposition in science distinctly set forth, should first be learned and received *as it is*, and then there are some fair grounds for the explanation of its philosophy, that is, its seen connexion with other truths or facts, which by a similar process have been linked to the mind's previous stores. Then is there something distinctly in the thoughts previous to philosophizing, and to which such philosophizing may be applied; something, too, with which it afterwards coheres, and which will ever keep the rationale before the mind in clear apprehension and remembrance. The mind now holds the truth, because it has a well-fitted instrument by which it *apprehends*; and it retains it strongly and clearly, because in such good rules and formulas, it has the receptacles previously adapted for its indwelling.

In the other process the mind is set in to rea-

* Here, too, there might seem to be that interchange of meaning in the use of these terms, to which we have before adverted. It arises from looking at them from different positions. The addition to the known of something derived from the unknown, is truly *synthesis*. And so it always is in respect to knowledge supposed to be communicated directly from the teacher to the scholar, or from the master to the disciple. Viewed, however, as an advance position laid hold of by the mind, it is either a sheer guess, or it must be supposed to be some more or less correct intuition, derived from an analysis of the previous knowledge.

soning, before it has as yet anything properly before it on which it can reason; at least, nothing distinctly. All is chaotic and inaccurate. Hence, too, arise some of the worst of habits in respect to that most important result of right education—precision of language. In algebra, for example (to take one of the plainest and most common cases), the student will confound such words as *factor*, *term*, *co-efficient*, *power*, *function*, &c.; he will, in other cases, make no distinction between *quantity*, *magnitude*, *extent*; he will use as synonymous, *proportion* and *ratio*; and when corrected for such slight faults as these, will be apt to reply that he meant right, or that his ideas were right; and will perhaps complain that he should be found fault with for so small a matter as a mere error in words, when he has the things themselves and the reason of them. Thus he never learns the prime truths, that distinctness of language, in all departments, is absolutely essential to distinctness of thought, that words are very important things, and that there can be no true apprehension of things, or of the reason and philosophy of things, without them.

These remarks might be extended to the whole circle of education. If there be any truth in them, then Grammar, whether Latin or English, should first be taught and learned as a *positive* system of forms, facts, constructions, rules, or dogmatic propositions, which must first be distinctly learned as laying the foundation for subsequent explanations of their reason or philosophy. Or, to explain the general principle in the briefest terms—In all cases, the fact itself, or rule, or method, or form, must be objectively known as a fact, or method, or form, before there is anything of which the rationale can be given. Not that the student should be allowed to remain in ignorance of the philosophy of what he is learning. We think our remarks are very far from that tendency—but that he should be conducted to that philosophy in the best, and clearest, and most lasting way through a previous memoriter preparation of dogmatic or synthetic instruction.

There is something about these inductive or analytic systems, as they are sometimes absurdly called, which at first strongly commends them to inexperienced teachers. They seem so philosophical. They have so much to say about development, and calling out the faculties, and teaching a student to "*think for himself*." They make the work, too, so easy to the instructor. All he has to do is to ask prepared inductive questions, as they are termed, instead of devoting himself to the patient labor of enforcing the accurate learning by rote of rules and principles expressed in precise and well considered language. And then, too, the first progress seems so rapid. Results, however, are unmistakably showing that there is somehow a great delusion about this. Such a course has, not unfrequently, been found to be like that of the keel upon the waves, or like water poured into a sieve, or to change our metaphor, there have often been, under such culture, blossoms in plenty, but little or no ripened fruit.

We have spoken of good rules, or formulas, as the proper and natural receptacles of thought after it has been formed. We may go further than this, and maintain that they are the very moulds for the casting and formation itself. The mind cannot think clearly, any more than it can well remember without them. If this be so, then there can be no true *development* without these necessary *envelopes* previously produced in the matrix of older and

wiser minds, and through which knowledge is generated and grows from age to age, just as truly and really as the physical development. Let boys then "*think for themselves*," but let there be ready these logical swathing bands for the young and tender ideas, when, according to the true Platonic doctrine, they first experience their outward birth. Without this, they will prove, with rare exceptions, monstrous and mischievous abortions, or grow up deformed "*misshapen things*," the wayward offspring of an unnatural, and irregular, unscientific introduction into the intellectual world. Clear words and formulas are as essential to the new-born thought, as air to the lungs of the new-born infant.

The views we have ventured to condemn have led to the almost entire rejection of memoriter instruction. It has been called slavish, "*parrot-like*," learning "*by rote*," &c. We hear it often said, to the supposed credit of certain schools, that their pupils are encouraged to think for themselves, or, according to another famous phrase of the day, to *express their ideas in their own language*, as being a much better thing than loading the memory with *forms* of words prepared for them by others. Such a style of expression may frequently be met with in published accounts of committees for school examinations, or in the inflated prospectus of some ambitious teacher, who wishes to call the attention of the public to it as a method very peculiar to himself. It is generally thought, too, to convey a severe condemnation of the opposite system. But there is certainly a delusion here. We have no desire to defend the manifest abuses into which memoriter instruction, unless great pains are taken to guard against it, may naturally fall; yet still we must repeat the conviction, a conviction derived far more from experience than from theory, that there is, somehow, a great mistake about the ultra-opposite view, which is now so popular. It is not so clear that this unlimited right of *private judgment*, this encouraging pupils to think for themselves, and to express their ideas in their own language, is, of itself, a better thing than thinking right, and being taught to express those ideas in right and proper language. It is not so certain that it will make stronger and clearer minds, or better developed intellects. It may be maintained, too, as a matter of fact, that no persons are more justly chargeable with talking parrot-like, than some who are ever repeating these phrases in their stereotyped caricatures of memoriter instruction.

"Words fitly spoken," says Solomon, "*are like apples of gold in pictures of silver*." Without meaning to be pedantic, we may say, what is probably known to most biblical scholars, that in the Hebrew it is "*words upon their wheels*" (Prov. xxv. 11.) or *super rotis* (Gesen. Heb. Lex.), by rote, precisely the phrase of which we are speaking. The metaphor is the same in both. It denotes the exact fitness, or truthfulness, of the words employed—no impediment, no discord, no jar or jargon—all smooth and easy, without redundancy or defect—the language precisely adjusted to the thought, so that it has an easy flow or passage, or runs smoothly upon it in the *discourse* (*dis-cursus*) in which it may be used; or, to take the other metaphor, is in perfect adaptedness to the idea, or the "*apples of gold*," to which it is the appropriate frame or setting.

Let pupils express ideas in their own language. We would cheerfully subscribe to the doctrine on one very fair condition. Let them be told that they may think for themselves,

and speak for themselves; but only provided they have the right idea, and can express it in language better adapted to it, than that employed by the text-book they are studying, or than can be given to them from the lips of the teacher. Such an exercise, and such a comparison, might be of the highest utility, not only in learning accuracy of language, but also docility and modesty, as well as clearness of thought. "*Good forms of sound words*" in all departments of instruction, and those forms firmly treasured and arranged in the memory;—this is the motto we should like to see engraved on every school-house throughout our land; this is the maxim, which, however it may have been formerly abused, is now the one most requiring to be called up and enforced. In no dogmatic spirit would we express the conviction, that, at the present day, nothing can be more essential to accurate scholarship, or to that cultivation of the power of accurate thought, which is the best means to enable us afterwards truly "*to think for ourselves*."

If the result of the opposing course were simply inaccurate knowledge, it would be bad enough; but one of its worst effects is mental imbecility. This, however strange the assertion may seem to the boasting advocates of the other method, will appear from the following considerations. Nothing so tends to invigorate the mind as the delightful consciousness of clear and precise knowledge; be it on the humblest subject, and of the humblest kind. We have no doubt that many a backward pupil might be saved by a well planned effort proceeding on this principle. Let the teacher, for a short period, abandon everything else, and make such an one a special object of his care. Let him, in the exercise of the most unwearied patience, secure the thorough acquisition of one or two lessons, and often will he find that the work is done. The pressure which rested like an incubus upon the soul is found to be strangely lightened; the right spring has been touched; the dormant energy has been aroused; the elastic impulse has been communicated. The exquisite satisfaction of knowing even one lesson well, so that the soul can call the knowledge its own, will be a stronger as well as a purer stimulus to further effort, than any false praise, or any excitement to mere emulation, or any device to render study attractive, without severe and continued labor. This delightful consciousness, we say, of accurate knowledge is the only legitimate stimulus; because, instead of relaxing, like other bracing applications, it becomes continually more and more intense by repetition. One lesson thus patiently and thoroughly learned will almost certainly secure a second, and that a third, and so on, until the mind so gathers strength, and the future success of the scholar is placed beyond all reasonable doubt.

LITERATURE.

GEORGE HERBERT'S POEMS.*

ALONGSIDE of Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, preserved to the world by its wit, learning, fancy, and imagination, together with its equal spirit of sanctity, ranks "*The Temple*" of George Herbert. His is a name fragrant in the long line of English poetry. His memory is embalmed, in perpetual freshness, in the meek, gentle pages of Izaak Walton. There you may read of the family solicitudes,

* The Life and Writings of the Rev. George Herbert: with the Synagogue, in Imitation of Herbert. Boston and Cambridge: James Monroe & Co.

the personal devotion, the humility, the delicate kindnesses, the heart culture of the Rector of Bemerton, the humble parish with its rude church, now glorified in the eyes of a late posterity, by his genius and piety. The American pilgrim to the father-land, the land which has bequeathed to us thought and heroism, will, if he be acquainted with some of the most fervent lines of the sacred muse, on his visit to Salisbury, turn aside from its fair "star-y-pointing" cathedral and its neighboring Stonehenge to trace this little spot, which was yet large enough for the growth of one great mind. A humble plot of ground, seemingly, for the culture of an author of two centuries, and now and for ever, we trust, of both hemispheres, was Bemerton. The seed was indeed planted there, but it was ripened in Herbert's birth, his education, his court life, the noble experiences of the scholar and the gentleman. Bemerton, too, with such a claimant was master of Salisbury, the heavenly suggestions of its spire, the music of its cathedral chimed and choirs, its hills, and stream, and meadows. The "Salisbury Walks" recorded by Walton, a short stroll along a sluggish rivulet, lingering by the beauty of its fields, brought Herbert all the treasures of the cathedral town; especially "his chiefest recreation of music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master, and did himself compose many divine hymns and anthems, which he set and sung to his lute or viol."

The plan of Herbert's poem of the Temple is a series of devotional verses, in which the different portions of a church are typical of the exercises of the Christian life, in which rites and ceremonies minister to the inner spirit, and in which nature bears her part towards the perfect whole. Looked at in one light Herbert is a poet of the Church of England, but inasmuch as that church is broadly built on a strong foundation of human nature, and the poet has a general culture, his verses have a wide life wherever the principles of that church are revered (as they must be where Christianity is preached); or man with a feeling heart, looking around him upon nature and his fellow beings, seeks to solve the problem of his existence. Herbert is a philosopher as well as a divine. You may hear his pregnant musical lines quoted in the pulpit, and you will hear Emerson quote them out of the pulpit. This we take to be the highest service in literature which can be rendered to the world; to maintain a universal medium for the purest truth—and it will be found with very few writers among the vast libraries of religious publications. The institutions of the church were the organ pipes through which the muse of Herbert breathed forth its melodies to the world, but the vocal spirit was of great Nature, and came laden with the incense of the flowers and streams.

On this occasion we will exhibit a few of these general humanities. We know not where man's sympathy with, and dependence upon animal life, the powers of nature, the influences of the elements, the spiritual breath of the natural world, are more vividly expressed than in Herbert's poems. How subtle is the enumeration in these stanzas, from the poem on

PROVIDENCE.

O sacred Providence, who, from end to end,
Strongly and sweetly movest! shall I write,
And not of thee through whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill? Shall they not do thee right?

Of all the creatures, both in sea and land,
Only to man thou hast made known thy ways;
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him secretary of thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing; birds ditty to their notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native lute
To thy renown; but all their hands and throats
Are brought to man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the world's high priest; he doth present
The sacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,—
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow.

Thou art in small things great; not small in any:
Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall.
Thou art in all things one; in each thing many:
For thou art infinite in one, and all.

Tempests are calm to thee; they know thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their father's,
Which cry and follow. Thou hast made poor sand
Check the proud sea, even where it swells and gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world; the meat is set
Where all may reach; no beast but knows his feed.

Birds teach us hawking; fishes have their net;
The great prey on the less; they, on some weed.

Nothing engendered doth prevent his meat.
Flies have their table spread ere they appear.
Some creatures have in winter what to eat;
Others do sleep, and envy not their cheer.

How finely dost thou times and seasons spin,
And make a twist chequered with night and day!
Which, as it lengthens, winds and winds us in;
As bowls go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wisdom for his good.
The pigeons feed their tender offspring, crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their food,
When they are sledge, that need may teach them flying.

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruise
Their master's flower; but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever; and as fit for use:
So both the flower doth stay, and honey run.

There is "curious art," as Herbert himself says, in this. With what imagination does he picture the miner's grave, witness ye cliffs and valleys of the Pacific!

Thou hast hid metals; man may take them thence;
But at his peril; when he digs the place,
He makes a grave; as if the thing had sense,
And threatened man, that he should fill the space.

The melody of the old English muse, pure in its Anglo-Saxon diction, was never more pathetic than in this sweet remonstrance:—

Rain! do not hurt my flowers; but gently spend
Your honey drops; press not to smelt them here:
When they are ripe, their odor will ascend,
And at your lodging, with their thanks, appear.

We are out of doors, and the rose thus droops under the summer shower. Listen to the gushing minstrelsy of the birds, and learn the moralities of nature linked to the heart of man:—

MAN'S MEDLEY.

Hark! how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring
All creatures have their joy; and man hath his.
Yet, if we rightly measure,
Man's joys and pleasure,
Rather hereafter, than in present is.

To this life things of sense
Make their pretence;
In th' other, angels have a right by birth:
Man ties them both, alone,
And makes them one;
With th' one hand touching heaven, with th' other earth.

In soul, he mounts and flies;
In flesh he dies.
He wears a stuff, whose thread is coarse and round,

But trimmed with curious lace;
And should take place
After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer;
But, as birds drink, and straight lift up their heads,
So must he sip, and think
Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead.

But as his joys are double,
So is trouble.
He hath two winters; other things, but one.
Both frosts and thoughts do nip
And bite his lip;
And he, of all things, fears two deaths, alone.

Yet even the greatest griefs
May be reliefs;
Could he but take them right, and in their ways
Happy is he, whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

The poems entitled, *Virtue, Sunday, Man*, are well known, having been published frequently in the collections. The following sonnet was a favorite with Coleridge. It is a painted crystal sphere—a miniature review of life:—

SIN.

Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us; then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers—

Pulpits and Sundays; sorrow dogging sin;
Afflictions sorted; anguish of all sizes;
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in;
Bibles laid open; millions of surprises;
Blessings beforehand; ties of gratefulness;
The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace; eternal hopes and fears—

Yet all these fences, and their whole array,
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

In the quaint style of the day, these conceits plucked from the heart as well as the rhyme, are very felicitous:—

HEAVEN.

Oh, who will shew me those delights on high?

Echo. I.

Thou, Echo? thou art mortal, all men know.

Echo. No.

Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?

Echo. Leaves.

And are there any leaves that still abide?

Echo. Bide.

What leaves are they? Impart the matter wholly.

Echo. Holy.

Are holy leaves the echo, then, of bliss?

Echo. Yes.

Then tell me, what is that supreme delight?

Echo. Light.

Light, to the mind; what shall the will enjoy?

Echo. Joy.

But are there cares and business with the pleasure?

Echo. Leisure.

Light, Joy, and Leisure! but shall they persevere?

Echo. Ever.

MR. McCONNEL'S GLENNS.*

WHEN, a few months ago, we heard that the author of "Grahame" was preparing a new novel of "Western Life" for the press, we said to ourselves, "He is writing too rapidly for his own fame: three novels in two years from a debutant, is too railroadish."

But at this truthful hour of midnight we rise from the perusal of "The Glenns," and admit

* The Glenns: a Family History. By D. L. McConnel, author of "Talbot and Vernon," "Grahame," &c. New York: Charles Scribner. 1851.

our prophecy unfulfilled by present judgment. Mr. McConnel, in the few months which succeeded his last effort, has remedied what before seemed a tendency to diffuseness in narrative; has imbued his thought with more boldness; has curtailed the action of his drama to the exactness of any reasonable critic; and adorned his narrative with judicious fancies and pleasant episodes. His third performance with the public (recognised as author's right) entitles him to an unaffected round of applause.

"The Glens" introduces the author by name, and we are honored in the acquaintance. We like him for the earnestness of his patriotism, as shadowed forth from his preface, and more boldly exhibited in his plot.

Like his previous productions, the story of "The Glens" is of Western life and character, and the effect amply answers its aim in redeeming Western life and character from the reproach cast upon it by what our author calls "a careless stream of senseless trash, enjoying the pseudonyms of Western stories at only twenty-five cents a copy." "The Glens" shows that the Western heroine and hero may be as polished in demeanor, and as fascinating and moral-teaching as those of Almack and Hyde Park (heaven save the mark!), or as those of Fifth Avenue and Chestnut St.!

"The Glens" are mainly represented by a bachelor uncle of the old school, and his two orphan nephews. One is the villain of the novel; the other the hero of circumstance and virtue triumphant. Both are in love with the motherless daughter of a reduced merchant whose wife was the early love of the bachelor uncle, whom she had jilted. The daughter had been educated to worship wealth, but for all that her womanly humanities and youthful impulses remained in the ascendant; and she loved the better of the nephews. The villain nephew has seduced her maid, bought into his service the maid's brother, and sets to work to sever the love of his cousin, and supplant him with his uncle. He takes advantage of a lovers' quarrel to create a series of epistolary misunderstandings, and weave a fabric of well shaped lies, which results in the heroine pledging her hand while in a fever of retaliatory pride to a wealthy widower of middle age—the pecuniary choice of her father.

The night before the wedding, by the arts of the villain nephew, the cousin and the heroine are to meet, for the purpose of returning in a mutual manner their love tokens. The wealthy bridegroom elect is informed of the meeting anonymously, and instructed that it is an assignation. The plotter drugs the wine of his cousin after the latter has divulged the nature of his engagement, and, borrowing his cloak and pistol, goes to the place of meeting (which is by night), acts his part, shoots the bridegroom elect, drops the cloak and pistol for evidence, and regains his home. The wounded man dies, and his rival is awakened from his stupor (caused by the drugged wine, but mistaken for the stupor of criminal remorse) to be carried to a jail, charged with murder.

Every one believes him guilty. But he is defended by an able barrister, who, by the aid of some circumstantial evidence, and the establishment of an *alibi* by the brother of the seduced maidservant (who has discovered her wrongs, and therefore has turned against his late employer), succeeds in acquitting him. The guilty man flies. Pending the finale of the trial, the heroine and her father (having been advised of the death of a relative in Texas who leaves them a fine landed estate) leave for the South West.

In course of time the acquitted nephew travels to Texas; there meets with a variety of

piquant adventures; discovers some new relatives; encounters his villain cousin (the murderer) who has been retributively murdered by the brother of his seduced victim; again sees his early love—the heroine, and marries her, returning to their old home in peace and happiness.

This is the prominent outline of quite an absorbing plot, outlined pretty much, we fear, as a very matter-of-fact attorney would dissect the speech of an opposing barrister to lay it before his own retained counsel. We do the author some injustice, perhaps, by its conciseness. Of course there are a variety of underplots, well conceived and well sustained.

The author is a lawyer: that is apparent from the faithfulness with which he portrays the eminent man of his own profession, and the exciting scenes which the lawyer is called upon to shift. His chapters descriptive of the arraignment and trial of the alleged murderer are the most nervous in style and the best sustained in description of any in "The Family History." We would lay a small wager that if the author be anything of an orator, his success at *Nisi Prius* would be inevitable. He is a logician (though he affects to deny that a lawyer ordinarily is one, and yet in some episodes spoken by his own lawyer-hero shows how logical an advocate can be); a shrewd observer of character; a clever adapter and shaper of presumptions; and a ready combiner of apparently disconnected facts. But as we have scores of eminent lawyers, and but a handful of national novelists, we hope our author will remain to "carry arms" with the latter class.

There are, at times, in "The Glens," some unpretending sketches, which have about them a decided finish of fancy. We cut out a passage illustrative of this, the truthfulness of which many may recognise:—

THE FIRST BABY.

"If 'the baby' was asleep, no one was allowed to speak except in a whisper, on pain of instant banishment; the piano was closed, the guitar was tabooed, boots were interdicted, and the bell was muffled. If Mr. Vincent wished to enjoy a quiet cigar, he must go out of the house, lest the smoke might hurt 'the baby'—and, lest the street-door might disturb its slumbers, he must make his exit by the back way, and reach the street by the garden-gate. The Doctor was scarcely ever out of the house; not because 'the baby' was ill—for indeed it was most alarmingly healthy—but because she was afraid it might be taken with some dreadful disease, and no doctor near. If coal was to be placed in the grate, either Mr. Vincent must put it in lump by lump with his fingers, or 'Thomas' must come in on tiptoe, leaving his boots below, lest the noise should disturb 'the baby.' Mr. Vincent might lie in one posture until he was full of aches 'from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot,' he must not move or turn over—for fear of waking 'the baby.' And yet he must not take a bed in another part of the house, because 'the baby' might be attacked by the croup, or might cry to have some one walk up and down the floor with it in his arms, and then he would not be within call. In short, when 'the baby' slept the whole house was under a spell, whose enchantment consisted in profound silence and unbroken stillness, and all who came within the magic circle were at once laid under its influence.

"On the other hand, when 'the baby' was awake, the household was equally subject to the tyranny which seemed to be a condition of its existence. If Mr. Vincent's watch-chain attracted its attention, the watch must come from the pocket and be delivered over, at the imminent risk and to the frequent smashing of crystals and face. If 'the baby' cried for the porcelain vases on the mantel, or the little Sevres card-baskets on the

table, they were immediately on the floor or in the 'crib' beside it, and were, soon afterwards, in many pieces. If it wanted 'papa's' papers, either they must be forthwith given up, or both baby and mother would concur in raising a domestic storm. If an important paper, or anything else of peculiar value was missed, when inquiry was made for it, the chances were twenty to one that it had been given to 'the baby,'—and on all such occasions, Mr. Vincent's chagrin or vexation was treated with merited indifference. As, as often happened, after obtaining everything within its mother's reach, and breaking everything that could be broken, 'the baby' still cried immoderately and annoyingly, it was quite as much as Mr. Vincent's life was worth to express the least vexation or impatience. He might be roused from a sound sleep, and forced to get up in the cold ten times in a night for something for 'the baby,' and yet a murmur or a natural wish expressed to know the necessity for all these things, was high treason to the household sovereignty. The lawful master of the premises had sunk, like a deposed monarch, to utter insignificance, and become the lowest servant of the young usurper. The mother was the Grand Vizier of the little Sultana, and in her name ruled everyone, herself included, with an iron rod. There was no law but the will and pleasure of the despot, and no appeal from her determinations. And this was the woman whom Abraham Glenn had loved!"

Here we have a taste of much *naïveté* of love making. The scene comes fresh after the mesmerisms of "the passion" from London novels:—

A LOVE SCENE.

"'Fanny!' he said, in a tone of not-to-be-mistaken tenderness. She turned quickly towards him, and his voice had called the blood in glowing blushes to her cheeks.

"'What! you here!' she exclaimed in a voice as clear and ringing as a silver bell; 'I did not hear you come to the gate.'

"'I have been standing here for some minutes,' he said, as she stepped down upon the walk and moved slowly towards him.

"'Watching me, were you?' she said, laughing gaily. 'Do you think me handsome? Come, now, tell me the truth.'

"'Handsome is not the word,' said he, with a look which attested his sincerity.

"'What is the word, then? Come, confess: I'll have no secrets kept from me!' She raised her finger with a gesture of playful imperiousness; but, before he could answer, she changed her tone and resumed: 'Come in—I ought to have said so sooner.'

"'No,' he replied; 'I came to ask you whether you would not walk with me this beautiful afternoon; so, go in and get a sun-bonnet, and let us walk over to the old trying-tree.'

"'It is very improper,' she answered, 'for a young lady to go a-maying with a young gentleman on a Sunday, all alone.' Yet, as she spoke, her clear, glad laugh rang merrily among the trees, and echoed beyond the road. 'But,' she resumed with mock solemnity, 'I will go with you this time, if you will never ask me to do so again.'

"'Agreed,' said he; 'and I will make the same pledge every Sunday till —'

"'Till when?' she demanded, with a look which could only be denominated quizzical.

"'Till the time,' he answered, 'when there will no longer be any impropriety in our being alone in any place at any time.'

"'And, pray, when will that be?' she asked, with a flash in her soft, brown eye, which manifested that her question was superfluous.

"'When we are married,' said he.

"'Oh!' she exclaimed, with a well-acted start, as if suddenly enlightened. She laughed as pleasantly as if that time had come already; and tripped cheerfully away to get her bonnet."

Our author can be essayist at times:—

THE BALANCE OF VIRTUE.

"It is unquestionable, that men who have exhibited great intellectual power in the prosecution of evil, have sometimes reformed their lives and displayed equal ability in the pursuit of good; but he who reasons correctly upon human character—that is, argues from what we do and can know, by analogy to that which we cannot fathom—in all these cases will conclude, that the tendencies to good and to evil were originally equal, and that accident of education gave the first development. Or it may be, that the very life of crime and violence which preceded the reformation, has served to give tone and temper to energies afterwards so efficient for good. In none of these cases can it be said with any probability of truth, that the organization whose talents have been wasted on evil objects, has been reclaimed by altering the direction of those same talents. Without the capacity for virtue in at least an equal degree with the tendency to vice, a reformation involves the necessity for a total subversion of the intellectual powers—imbecility or even insanity would invariably follow such reclamation. Gunpowder may be deprived of its explosive quality by mingling water with it: it is thus incapable of doing harm; but you have attained that end only by depriving it of its energy, rendering it also incapable of good. And so it is with the human mind: a change in its nature—or a forced suspension of its natural manifestations, which amounts to the same thing—involves the destruction of its force. And it may always be safely decided, that if the energy continues no change has taken place—just as, if after you had cast water on the gunpowder it should still explode, you would correctly infer that the moisture had not acted upon the composition sufficiently to change its character."

Here is a bit of sly humor:—

REHEARSING ONE'S WEDDING-DRESS.

"Behold the angular, though stately figure disarrayed! And lo! the childish pleasure of his time-marked features as the ceremony of enrobing is commenced! It was dressing for the marriage, without the flutter and excitement of the crisis! A pair of highly-polished boots were painfully drawn on—almost the only severe labor from which one's wealth cannot exempt him—and then a rigid scrutiny of their fit. Next came the pantaloons—of the very finest cassimere, glossy black, and fashionably cut. He turned himself about before the glass, thrust his hands into the pockets, corrected a slight tendency in one of the straps to hang upon the boot-heel, and inwardly commended Bradley's skill. It was a great point gained. Then came the vest, which he drew on with fear and trembling; but having buttoned it, and drawn the lacing, apprehension vanished. Placing his hands complacently about the region of the stomach, and gently rubbing them up and down, like him who has just finished a good dinner, he again approved the artist's skill.

"And now the crowning triumph—*chef d'œuvre* of the 'cloth-professor'—the wedding coat! If he trembled when he drew the lacings of the vest, in so much that his fingers could with difficulty tie them at the proper tension, now his nerves were absolutely shaken! Most carefully he drew it on—most anxiously he pulled the skirts, and pressed the wrinkling cloth in at the shoulder—most tenderly he settled it by jerking smartly the lapels! He buttoned it—one button cautiously—and again drew down the skirts. He smoothed the sleeves, and pulled the cuffs, and pinched the corners—and having done all that a good-natured, anxious man could do, to help the 'set,' he at last referred himself to the final test of every garment, male or female, the looking-glass. It was a perfect fit! Even the round shoulders were concealed, and not a solitary wrinkle defaced the shining surface of the back!"

Will our codifiers ponder upon this passage:—

RATIONALE IN WESTERN LAW.

"In our more refined age and country, court-

houses are filled to overflowing whenever there is to be a trial for slander, *crim. con.*, or murder, by the same spirit which carried the ancient Romans to the amphitheatre to witness the brutal exhibitions of gladiators and other wild beasts, and at this day crowds the bull-fight assemblages of Spain. In some countries a like interest is manifested in suits for the breach of promises to marry; but in the West such things are almost entirely unknown, either because the men are more faithful, or because the women are less anxious to enter 'the holy state.' When such suits are commenced—which sometimes happens—damages are seldom awarded—Western courts and juries generally acting upon the belief that a woman who has not delicacy enough to prevent her entering a court for such a purpose, would not have made the defendant a good wife, and therefore deserves no compensation for her failure. They think, moreover—and the composition of society justifies the belief—that a woman to whom one offer of marriage is so important, can certainly have had but few, and must, therefore, be manifestly unfit for matrimony.

"Suits for slander are nearly in the same category—the only damages usually given being to friendless women—courts and juries in these cases believing that a reputation must be desperately diseased when it requires a suit at law to cure it. Men whose characters have been assailed—if they have anything worth defending—usually disregard the breath of calumny; and at most do not betray distrust of their own standing by seeking the help of a jury to endorse it. They, however, sometimes obtain satisfaction at the end of a horse-whip, and not unfrequently of a more dangerous weapon. The fact that a man is plaintiff in a suit for slander is considered a proof—and in society constituted like that of the West, no very mean proof either,—that he has no character worth preserving. It is on account of the racy expositions—racy to the depraved tastes which assemble the crowds in our court-houses—that a slander suit never fails to overrun the benches; and a man of ordinary self-respect is unwilling to undergo such gloating dissection."

Here is some poetry in landscape painting:

THE CITY OF SAN ANTONIO.

"It is a beautiful place: still, quiet, dreamy; peopled by an indolent, pleasure-loving race; full of hazy memories, its history a romance, its existence almost a dream! In the heart of as lovely a country as the sunlight gilds, on the banks of the sweetest river in the south-west, afar from the din of the busy world, with a climate balmy than that of Italy; ancient ruins, famous in song and story; waving prairies, where the Indian lives in freedom; deep forests, whose enchanted silence is broken only by the rushing of clear streams; tradition, romance, poetry, religion, barbarism, self-exile, civilization and decay, love, peace, hatred, war: such are the elements of its existence."

Is not this quite "Cooper"-ish, reader?—

PERILS ON A TEXAN RIVER.

"During this hurried consultation, they had been whirled along with fearful velocity by the foaming current; and when Shelton expressed his confidence in Billy's courage, they had already made half the distance of the bridge. The flashes of lightning, momentarily increasing in frequency and intensity, revealed the banks rushing past them with dizzy speed; and the frightful pitching and whirling of the boat evinced still more sensibly the fury of the torrent. Their enemies had taken the lead before the boat was fairly in the current, and were now much nearer the bridge than their intended victims. But every moment the speed of the boat increased, as the furious waters seized its keel and dashed it madly forward; and though the distance was much shorter by land, it was an even chance which first reached the trestle in the current. They approached a bend, where the force of the current dashed the water in foam across the rocks, and their speed sensibly diminished. The party on the bank saw their advantage, and a shout

announced their triumph. But the boat only touched the rocks, and, swinging round, caught the strength of the waters and shot off again with redoubled velocity.

"Handle your firearms," commanded Shelton, calmly. 'I'll keep her bow down stream. When we are within twenty feet, fire in their faces and fall down in the bottom of the boat.'

"You think they will beat us?" said Henry.

"It's a close race. Look!" exclaimed the Major, as a flash of lightning revealed the bridge scarcely more than one hundred yards before them, and their competitors in the race fast nearing its western extremity. 'Be firm now: ten seconds will decide the race!'

"Another flash of lightning, succeeded by a crash of thunder as if the heavens were rent, blinded even the keenest vision. The rain dashed down in sheets until the river was covered with a frying foam; the rush of the torrent round the trestles of the bridge became more audible, and the boiling waters almost leaped across the gunwale of the boat. Another and another flash, succeeded by tremendous peals of thunder, lit up the watery landscape lighter than the sun, and left it darker than the night. Only a few yards lay between them and the bridge, and their pursuers were already on the western end.

"Steady now, steady!" Shelton said, while with his pole he guided the boat towards the highest place.

"Down! down!" he shouted, and threw himself upon the bottom.

"Several lariats fell like snakes upon the water, but they missed their aim. A roaring sound above as well as below, a dash among the eddying waters, a rush at lightning speed past two or three piers, and the little craft shot out with undiminished speed into the river below the bridge!

"We beat them by a length!" laughed Shelton, springing to his feet and resuming his pole.

"One of them slipped into the water," said Billy.

"Dead, for a ducat!" said the Major, attempting to bring to.

"Is not that a man?" exclaimed Henry suddenly, as something passed him, borne swiftly by the current.

"I have him!" said Billy; and at the next moment a flash showed the quick-sighted boy, with his fingers firmly tangled in the hair of a man who was evidently insensible.

"Hold tight, my lad!" said Shelton, casting loose from the willow by which he had checked the boat, and rapidly making his way to Billy's side. With the assistance of his companions he soon drew the rescued man within the gunwale, and stretched him on the bottom.

"Jack Burrel, by all that's good!" he exclaimed, and at the same moment Henry recognised the features of the *croupier* by whose assistance Shelton had broken the Monte Bank! 'The miserable puppy!' continued the Major; 'I've a notion to throw him overboard again!'

"That would never do, Major!" said Henry. 'Let us endeavor to resuscitate him!'

"We can't do that without shelter; this rain would drown him if the river had not. However," he added, 'here, my boy, hold him across your knee—'

"Breakers ahead!" shouted Billy.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the Major; 'we are close upon the "Footway"! And the scoundrels may be there before us!' He sprang to his feet, letting the drowned man fall heavily down, and seizing the pole again, gave his orders rapidly and promptly.

"Lie low now, and draw your knives to cut away lariats! Let the ingrate alone—your own lives are more in danger than his! The devils are there sure enough!" He sheered the boat, as he spoke, into a current which was hollow like a trough, so fearful was the velocity of its concentrated torrent. Immediately before them, glittering as the lightning played upon its foam, was the 'Footway,' where immense rocks almost dam the

current quite across the river, thus forming a giant bridge. Between these rocks, which are in no place more than ten feet apart, the water runs at all times with terrible velocity; but particularly was it furious when our friends approached it. The heavy rains had swollen the river above, and the whole flood was coming down as if over a broken dam, roaring through the rocks and narrow passages, and leaping wildly up against the barriers, or rushing over them in foaming torrents. The widest *chutes*—those alone through which the boat could pass—were bridged with heavy, broad planks, thrown from rock to rock; and upon that which spanned the current on which they floated, they could see their pursuers. The shortness of the way by land, and the delay caused by the saving of Burrell, had enabled them to outstrip the boat. Two or three had *lariats* in their hands, and by the incessant flashes of lightning our friends could see their preparations to cast them.

"Lie down!" Shelton ordered. "Your knives are of no avail!"

"He sheered the boat a little, placing her directly in the *chute*, gave her a tremendous push forward, and threw down his pole. As he did so, he drew a revolving pistol, and casting himself into the bottom of the boat, fired four barrels in quick succession at the men upon the bridge. Seizing a firm hold on the ribs of the boat with one hand, he received upon the other the *lariats* which were cast at that moment, and grasped them firmly on his powerful arm. The boat rushed madly beneath the feet of the assailants—the ropes ran rapidly under with her—the men above braced themselves to bring up their prey—but it was in vain! Shelton's prodigious strength and the force of the boat jerked them over—a splash of two or three men falling into the torrent, and one or two cries of agony, mingled with the pealing thunder and the roaring flood! Shelton sprang to his feet and cast loose the *lariats*, the boat shot down the sloping current, whirled once or twice in a foaming eddy, and then dashed away with a speed but slightly diminished by the momentary pause."

A DENOUEMENT.

"There is nothing so agitating as suspense. Henry was already excited; and as minute after minute passed away, his emotion became more and more overmastering. Fears, fancies, apprehensions—some of them the most absurd—troubled, agitated, almost overpowered him. Feelings, long sternly repressed, now rebelled, mutinied, and seemed about to conquer. He walked hastily to the lower end of the garden, and endeavored to calm his heart by gazing into the depths of the water; but imagining that he heard a noise, he turned back and walked as rapidly to the place where Margaret had left him. He paused to listen, but could hear no sound, save the beating of his own heart. He turned impatiently and nervously aside, and threw himself upon a stone bench to recover his composure. He was not equal to the effort; he sprang up again and strode back to the open alley. Margaret had been absent perhaps fifteen minutes—to him it seemed quite an hour. Anything, he thought, would be better than such suspense; he resolved to know the issue at once, and turning sharply about, he started at a swift walk towards the door.

"It was opened as he approached, and Margaret appeared, beckoning him to enter. A little behind her stood Fanny, looking eagerly as if wishing to advance, yet timidly as if fearing a repulse. Henry crossed the threshold—she extended her hand—he took it in one of his, and gently placed the other about her waist—she fell upon his bosom and wept.

"I have wronged you deeply!" she sobbed.

"No," said Henry, "it is I who have wronged you!"

"Their lips met, for the first time in their lives, and all was forgiven!"

"Margaret stood near them gazing quietly upon the reconciliation. Her eyes fell to the floor, and turning away, she left the room, and walked pen-

sively down the garden. She left them to renew their vows, to re-unite their hearts, to be separated no more.

"Let us imitate her example."

KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.*

ONE of the liveliest types of modern activity with which we are acquainted is our friend of the five syllables. Jack in the box never makes his appearance half so surprisingly, and Punch is a quiet, stay-at-home character compared with the Ojibway. It matters little to his versatile genius which side of the ocean; whether on the war-path in the west, or on the peace-platform in the east; whether as a reverend in an orthodox pulpit, in the customary suit of sable, or in character-costume, with the bow and plume, before an audience of irregular non-resistants. Two things, however, seem indispensable to the chief,—motion and type. We count it as a most fortunate provision for our red friend that the newspaper press is pretty widely diffused throughout this country. It is his chief vent and relief when seized, as he is periodically, with an accumulation of speculative fancies, which, if not promptly relieved, would inevitably bring on a crisis in his constitution. In fact, of all the parts so admirably played by Copway, that of author is, we think, his favorite. Whatever happens, we are pretty sure to have a book from the Indian once a year, with as much regularity as from the English Historiographer, Mr. James. He has, we believe, in spite of all the difficulties of authorship, become a professional book maker, and is equally prepared to try his hand at verse or prose. Although these are uniformly preceded by prefaces, and followed by notes explanatory, we are not quite as clear as to the designs of our friend Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh as we would like to be. We cannot exactly make out what he would be at. There seems to be a general and somewhat indefinite purpose to benefit the Ojibway, but the Copway plan is not developed with as much precision as is desirable for practical purposes. Does he propose Schools for his red brethren? Hospitals? Farms? or Phalanxteries? To be sure we have no mean example of the capabilities of the Indian race illustrated in the career of Copway himself, who is certainly a shrewd, wide-awake man, with a knowledge of the world which few of the white race could overmatch. He, however, labors in the same uncertainty in regard to himself as that which troubles us in regard to the general subject. He does not appear to have made up his mind whether to be a white man or an Indian; for, while on one page of his introduction to the Traditional History he pronounces the common saying that "The Indian will be Indian still," false, on the very opposite he avows, "It is not many years since I laid aside my bow and arrows; and the love for the wild forest, born within me, I yet retain."

These two works have, however, in many parts, an unmistakable flavor of the wood: we feel, more than once, the fresh wind blowing upon us, and see the red tree tops of the wild forest waving in the distance. The poetical we like far less than the prose volume. It is several removes from the real life and substance of aboriginal character, inasmuch as the author has adopted the civilized artificiality of rhyme, already overworn by many popular writers of

* The Ojibway Contest; a Tale of the North-West. By Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh, or G. Copway, Chief of the Ojibway Nation. New York; Published for the author by George P. Putnam. 1850.

The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation. By G. Copway, or Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh. Chief of the Ojibway Nation. Boston; Mussey & Co. 1851.

our own race. From the History, the legend of the origin of the Medicine Worship is well told, and is a fair specimen of the Ojibway writer when he appears to the best advantage:

"The origin of the Indian's belief in this Medicine Worship is to be found in the following traditional story, which is usually related to any one when about to join the clan. I received it myself upon passing the mysterious ordeal.

"When Keshamonedoo made the red men, he made them happy. The men were larger, were fleet on foot, were more dexterous in games, and lived to an older age than now.

"The forest abounded with game, the trees were loaded with fruit, and birds who have now a black plumage were dressed with pure white. The birds and the fowls ate no flesh, for the wide prairies were covered with fruits and vegetables. The fish in the waters were large. The Monedoo from heaven watched the blaze of the wigwams' fires, and these were as countless as the stars in the sky.

"Strange visitants from heaven descended every few days, and inquired of the Indians whether anything was wrong. Finding them happy and contented, they returned to their high homes.

"These were tutelar gods, and they consulted with the sages of the different villages, and advised all not to climb a vine which grew on the earth, and whose top reached the sky, as it was the ladder on which the spirits descended from heaven to earth, to bless the red men.

"One of these errant spirits became intimate with one of the young braves, who dwelt in a cabin with his grandmother, and favored him with invitations to stroll with it among the various villages around.

"The favor shown by this god to the young man produced a jealousy among his brethren, and during the absence of his distinguished friend, the favored one was much troubled by his neighbors, who envied him his situation.

"On one occasion, when this persecution became intolerable, he determined to leave his country, and, if possible, accompany the spirit to the skies.

"The chief men had enjoined on all the duty to refrain from any desire or any attempt to ascend the vine whose branches reached the heavens, telling them that to do so would bring upon them severe penalties.

"The spirit, finding the young man quite sad, inquired, learned the true cause of his sorrow, and taking him, reascended.

"The old woman cried for his return, 'Noo-sis, be-ge-wain, be-ge-wain.' 'My child, come back, come back!' He would not come home, and the woman having adjusted all her matters in the lodge, after the nightfall repaired to the vine and began to ascend it.

"In the morning the Indians found the lodge she had inhabited empty, and soon espied her climbing the vine. They shouted to her, 'Shay! ah-wos be-ge-wain, mah-je-me-di—moo-ga-yiesh!' 'Hallo, come back, you old witch you!'

"But she continued ascending, up—up—up.

"A council was held to determine what inducement could be made to her to return. They could hear her sobbing for her grandson. 'Negah-wah-bah-mah nos-sis.' 'I will yet see my child.'

"Consternation and fear filled the hearts of the Nation, for one of their number was disobeying the Great Spirit. Indignation and fury were seen in the acts of the warriors, and the light of the transgressor's burning wigwam shed its lurid rays around.

"The woman was just nearing the top of the vine which was entwined around one of the stars of heaven, and about entering that place, when the vine broke, and down she came, with the broken vine, which had before been the ladder of communication between heaven and earth.

"The Nations, as they passed by her, as she sat in the midst of the ruin she had wrought, pushed her declining head, saying, 'Whah, ke nah mah

dah bee mage men di moo ya yiesh.' 'There you sit, you wicked old witch.'

"Some kicked her, others dragged her by her hair, and thus expressed their disapprobation—'All who shall live after thee, shall call thee *Equa* (woman).'

"The news of this disaster spread rapidly from village to village. Some numbers of men, women, and children were singularly affected. Some complained of pains in their heads, and others of pains in various parts of their bodies. Some were unable to walk, and others equally unable to speak.

"They thought some of these fell asleep, for they knew not what death was. They had never seen its presence.

"A deep solemnity began its reign in all the villages. There was no more hunting, no more games, and no song was sung to soothe the sun to its evening rest.

"Ah, it was then a penalty followed transgression.

"Disease was the consequence of the breaking of the vine. Death followed.

"One day in the midst of their distress, they consulted each other to determine what could be done. None knew.

"They watched carefully for the descent of those beings who used to visit them—and at length they came. Each strove with eagerness to tell his story. They soon found that the strangers were silent and sad. They asked the Nations what they wished to tell the Great Spirit in their distress.

"The first sent a petition that the vine might be replaced between heaven and earth.

"The second sent that the Great Spirit might cause the disease to leave them.

"The third sent a petition to have the old woman killed, since she was the cause of so much distress.

"The fourth desired that the Great Spirit would give them a great deal of game.

"The fifth, and last, that the Great Spirit would send them that which would calm and relieve them in distress.

"After they had heard these, the strangers left, telling the Indians to wait, and they should know what the Great Spirit should say to each of the petitioners.

"Each day of their absence seemed a month. At length they came, and gathered near the eager people. They told them that they must die, as the vine that had connected earth to heaven was broken; but the Great Spirit has sent us to release you, and to tell you what you must do hereafter.

"The strangers then gathered up all the flowers from the plains, river and lake sides; and after drying them on their hands, blew the leaves with their breath, and they were scattered all over the earth; wherever they fell, they sprang up and became herbs to cure all diseases.

"The Indians instituted a dance, and with it a mode of worship. These few, there met, were the first who composed a Medicine Lodge: they received their charter from the Great Spirit, and thus originated the 'Medicine Worship.'

"The strangers gave them these words, and then left:

"There is not a flower that buds, however small, that is not for some wise purpose.

"There is not a blade of grass, however insignificant, that the Indian does not require.

"Learning this, and acting in accordance with these truths, will work out your own good, and will please the Great Spirit.

"The above is universally believed by the Northwest Indians as the origin of Disease and Death, and the foundation of the Medicine Worship."

Altogether, the History is an attractive and interesting volume; a great improvement on its predecessor; and its appearance is in every way creditable to Mr. Copway, the designer, and the publishers. From his success, when-

ever he attempts it, we are satisfied that, if our author would, in any future communications with the public, but give us only the results of his own personal observation and experience, we would have from him a much more characteristic work. It is a great mistake to suppose that we admire the red man for assimilating with his white contemporary; it is of no special interest to us that he writes English prose or octosyllabic verse: the only point worthy of regard is, What can he give us of his own?

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

The Gentleman's Magazine, the fine Old English Gentleman, has got on in the world, nigh through the second quarter of his second century, with various mutations of course in the ruling editorial life of his literary kingdom, from the days of Dr. Johnson and founder Cave at St. John's Gate, who saw in every person he met a possible contributor, and in every thing, we suppose, a possible fact. The Gentleman's, like the State, never dies. It gets a new monarch now and then, as Ben Jonson called Selden (who, by the way, was a foretaste of a capital antiquarian editor),—"Monarch in letters!" But with all its successions, not forgetting a special tribute to its recent learned Mitford, it has never been better directed than it is now with the ripe and philosophical acumen of its present editor, Mr. Bruce.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the new spirit which has got among the old letters of the Gentleman's. It is conservative, as it should be, dealing with the past; but its conservatism is liberal, and it gives a reason for its faith. In the lighter matters of gossip, anecdote, &c., its columns have never been more fresh and attractive. Desirous that its circulation may be extended in this country—it should at least be found in all our colleges and reading rooms—we give a few passages of the wit and wisdom of Sylvanus Urban as he appears to the world in this May number, 1851.

First, a subtle distinction, from the opening paper, a masterly handling of Fourier and Fourierism:—

MYSTICS AND VISIONARIES.

"Of those who have diverged the most from the beaten path in matters of speculation, two of the chief classes are mystics and visionaries. They are often confounded together; but they are essentially distinct. The mystic is a man who sees no visions and who dreams no dreams, but who has a profound impression of the mysterious in all things. He is intensely religious; and he spreads the religious atmosphere round subjects which offer nothing but a commonplace aspect to the ordinary eye. The world has been greatly indebted to mysticism. In every period of history when religion seemed degenerating into a cold, supercilious, and shallow rationalism, mysticism has invariably proved the potent pioneer of a necessary and wholesome reaction. Religious systems also will be found to be deep and divine in proportion to the prevalence of a mystical element therein. And we are not acquainted with any religious writer who has acquired a wide and lasting influence that had not in himself, and that did not put into his books, a strong leaven of the mystical. Jeremy Taylor, whose works are more extensively read in this country than those of any other author who has treated of devotional topics, had, along with his grand imagination and his beautiful tenderness, an ardent mystical yearning. The visionary has no sympathy with the mystic; he feels for him even a kind of contempt. To the mystic every phenomenon in creation or in providence is an opening into the abyss of the infinite; but the visionary comes and pours into every corner of that holy of holies in which the mystic delights to dwell the lurid

glare of his own audacious fancies. To the mystic even the seen has a kind of veiled and twilight vagueness which converts it into the unseen. But to the visionary the unseen grows so completely into the seen that they merge in his mind into one. The mystic speaks from the fulness of his emotions, the visionary from the fervor of his conceptions. The mystic cannot discern between what he perceives and what he feels; the visionary between what he sees and what he imagines. For the mystic there is no past, no present, no future; but one perennial and ecstatic now of adoring contemplation. For the visionary the past is forgotten, and the future is more vivid than the present; while, therefore, the mystic prays, the visionary prophesies. Though the visionary has no religious vocation, no plenitude of religious life, yet he is prone to enter on the religious field, which from its vastness affords unlimited scope to the daring of his eccentric thought. The world owes little to the visionaries. They are generally men without either genius or lofty purpose, system-mongers, vain, ambitious, hunters after notoriety. The very best of them, by presenting a sort of ready-reckoner view of the universe, hinder sustained research and a penetrating, comprehensive philosophy, and breed a race of sciolists, who think that they have solved problems when they have leaped over difficulties, and who sneer at the wisdom that is not satisfied with crudities, crotchets, and novelties. It may perhaps occasionally happen that a bold conjecture seizes the truth more rapidly than a patient investigation. But bold conjectures can legitimately be permitted only to those who are capable of, and who habitually practise, laborious inquiries. And it is a deplorable delusion, though a delusion extensively prevalent in these days, that any one, however gifted, can by some short-hand process catalogue for us the miracles of immensity."

Atkinson and Miss Martineau are discussed on a subsequent page in a like philosophical spirit. This, of the *progress*—to savagery—of the new materialist's

RETURN TO FETICHISM.

"This volume consists of a series of letters interchanged between Miss Martineau and a Mr. Atkinson, who pours into the lady's ear a host of mesmeric revelations, she receiving them with a blind and slavish credulity, which curiously contrasts with the audacious doubts and blasphemous negations with which her replies are crowded and stained. She surrenders, with immense apparent satisfaction, her belief in a God, but dashes her forehead in the dust before this sublime mesmeric prophet, whom she has chosen as the object of her worship; or, rather, it would be more correct to say that whatever religion Miss Martineau once possessed seems to have broken down into three parts—idolatry of Mr. Atkinson; idolatry of herself; and idolatry of certain pretended sciences, such as phrenology and mesmerism. It is thus that, so far from having made the prodigious progress of which she boasts, she has fallen back on a superstition, as ancient as it is degrading, and exchanged the Infinite Creator for a number of fetiches of the very lowest kind. All atheism is a return to fetichism, a deification of external forces, of mere phenomena. Its root, in general, is the most ingenious and the most inordinate vanity. Because, if you do not recognise anything but phenomena, that is a pleasant logic which concludes that you yourself are the most notable phenomenon, and that the rest must be inferior to you, the contemplator."

A popular fallacy touching "law," the credulity of the incredulous, and the preference of certain people for disease over health, are sharply hit:

THE ABNORMAL PHILOSOPHY.

"A great deal is made by the two writers of law, as distinct from and submerging Deity. Indeed the only principle which it is sought to establish is the deification of law. Now what is law, as regards the universe, but a convenient term which we

employ to express the uniformity of Divine Providence! What is law without a law-giver and a law-administrator? It shows the utmost shallowness or the utmost sophistry, or both, to suppose that anything is explained, or, what would be more to the purpose, explained away, by the use of a limited word for another with a more extended meaning. If one of our fellow subjects said, 'I deny the existence of Queen, Lords, and Commons, of courts of justice, of soldiery, of police, of all governing, legislative, judicial, executive power, but I admit the existence of law by itself,' we should not think it worth while to discuss the subject with him. We should consider him simply a consummate coxcomb. This deification of law, however, like so much else that affects to be novel in the book, is one of the old and favorite forms of atheism. But what makes it so absurd here is, that, throughout the whole work, nothing but exceptional cases are insisted on. Former atheists—not excepting Robert Owen, who, though unquestionably benevolent in intention, never soared above the commonplace in thought—when endeavoring to deify law in creation, always gave prominence and illustration to what was most usual, obvious, and general. But Miss Martineau and Mr. Atkinson never fail to pounce on what is a deviation from the universal rule, while striving with might and main to deify that rule itself in opposition to a personal God. Anything diseased, defective, erratic, or abominable, is seized on with intense avidity in order to crown law as sole monarch of immensity. If any one, according to the mesmeric faith, sees with his toes or his stomach better than with his natural eyes, he is brought forward as an irresistible testimony that law is the Olympian Jove whom all should worship. Idiots, or people who possess only one or two of the five senses, or who are wasted with sickness, or who are in any abnormal condition, are thought the fittest to move in triumph by the side of the Juggernaut law. Miss Martineau seems to regard herself as a capital exemplification of Jupiter Law's sole and incommunicable divinity, from being very deaf, without smell, and completely without taste. Far be it from us to embitter human infirmities by ridicule. But when Miss Martineau aims at deifying law by parading the exceptional and gloating on the hideous, she must pardon us for making no effort at a serious refutation."

After this exhibition we may turn for relief to the witty sayings of the Merry Monarch, which have been collected in a pleasant paper in this number by Mr. Peter Cunningham, an episodic chapter of his diligent and appreciative "Story of Nell Gwyn"—

WIT OF CHARLES II.

"The satirical epitaph written upon King Charles II. at his own request, by his witty favorite the Earl of Rochester, is said to be not more severe than it is just:

'Here lies our sovereign lord, the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.'

How witty was the reply: "The matter," he observed, "was easily accounted for—his discourse was his own, his actions were his ministry's."

"His politeness was remarkable, and he could convey a rebuke in the style of a wit and a gentleman. When Penn stood before him with his hat on, the King put off his. 'Friend Charles,' said Penn, 'why dost thou not keep on thy hat?' 'Tis the custom of this place,' replied the monarch in his usual strain of pleasantry, 'that never above one person should be covered at a time.'

"He was altogether in favor of extempore preaching, and was unwilling to listen to the delivery of a written sermon. Patrick excused himself from a chaplaincy, 'finding it very difficult to get a sermon without book.' On one occasion the King asked the famous Stillingfleet 'How it was that he always read his sermons before him, when he was

informed that he always preached without book elsewhere?' Stillingfleet answered something about the awe of so noble a congregation, the presence of so great and wise a prince, with which the King himself was very well contented. 'But pray,' continued Stillingfleet, 'will your Majesty give me leave to ask you a question? Why do you read your speeches, when you can have none of the same reasons?' 'Why truly, doctor,' replied the King, 'your question is a very pertinent one, and so will be my answer. I have asked the two Houses so often, and for so much money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face.' This 'slothful way of preaching,' for so the King called it, had arisen during the civil wars; and Monmouth, when Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, in compliance with the order of the King, directed a letter to the University that the practice of reading sermons should be wholly laid aside.

"Of Harrow Church, standing on a hill, and visible for many miles round, he is said to have remarked, "that it was the only visible church he knew."

"Of Barrow he said that 'he was an unfair preacher,' because, as it had been explained, he exhausted every subject, and left no room for others to come after him; but the King's allusion was made somewhat slyly to the extraordinary length as well as to the unusual excellence of Barrow's sermons.

"It is better to be envied than pitied," was his observation to Lord Chancellor Clarendon.

"He that takes one stone from the Church takes two from the Crown," was another of his sayings preserved by Pepys.

"He said to Lauderdale 'To let Presbytery go, for it was not a religion for gentlemen.'

"His wit never forsook him. When near his last moments he apologized to those who stood round him all night for the trouble he had caused. "He had been, he said, a most unconscionable time in dying; but he hoped that they would excuse it." A similar sense of etiquette ruffled the last moments of the polite Earl of Chesterfield, whose only expressed anxiety related to his friend Dayrolles being in the room without a chair to sit down upon.

But his best saying was his last—"Let not poor Nelly starve!"

History of the Protestants of France, from the Commencement of the Reformation to the Present Time. By G. De Félice. Translated, with an Introduction, by Henry Lobdell, M.D. Edward Walker.—The author of this work, a native of Switzerland, a member of the Protestant clergy of France, and now Professor of Theology in the Seminary of the Reformed Church at Montauban, is known to American readers by his "correspondence," for a period of twenty years, published in the *New York Observer*. He has published several books advocating Protestantism in France, and is a contributor to *Le Semeur*. The present work grew out of a "prize" production for a society at Toulouse. It is written in a calm, dispassionate style, leaving the facts of the Huguenot persecution, and the noble heroism with which this was endured, to bear their own witness. The narrative is condensed in style, and forms a valuable summary of events which the pen of a Southey or Macaulay, presenting in their picturesque forms and with their onward movement of firm principle, would make familiar "household words." M. de Félice continues his abstract to the present day, noticing the latest movements of French Protestantism under the Republic.

The Solitary of Juan Fernandez; or, the Real Robinson Crusoe. By the Author of Picciola. Translated from the French, by Anne T. Wilbur. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.—The author of Picciola finds in the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, on his desolate island, a field

for the same close observation of and sympathy with nature, which made the prison-flower, Picciola, so great a favorite. He has followed the original Robinson Crusoe in a different spirit from that of his great predecessor Defoe,—his object being to educe the moral, that a solitary life can never be a happy or an elevating mode of existence. Selkirk surrounds himself with comforts, but his happiness, the little that his hard lot vouchsafes to him, arises from the companionship of an ourang-outang, who deserts from his ship with him. This humble companion dies, and the Solitary loses his interest in his cabin, his garden, and other agricultural amusements, and becomes a savage, leaping from rock to rock in pursuit of wild goats for his sustenance. One of the most agreeable parts of the book is its opening in the tap-room of a small Scotch village, presided over by a buxom landlady, a sad flirt, on a sharp lookout for a husband. The old feminine experiment, of two strings to a bow, fails as usual, both suitors going off to sea as captain and sailor. This preamble is linked on to the main subject by the jealousy of the captain inducing him to leave his youthful rival on a desert island, where the main incidents of the narrative occur.

Ida. Boston: Munroe & Co.—This little volume contains a poem in three books, which, although bearing evident marks of "prentice hand," is smoothly and pleasantly written. The poet starts forth on a pleasant summer morn on his "iron grey," with his "dog, of all the world so true," not as might be supposed in quest of adventure, but for a leisurely ride through wood and field. He falls in with one of maturer years, with whom he enters into conversation, and who narrates to him the untoward course of his love—the lady-fair being the Ida whose name furnishes the title—a narrative which occupies the two remaining books of the poem. Its incidents are commonplace and somewhat hackneyed by long poetic service. We prefer the opening, descriptive passages of the poem to their more ambitious sequence. The following lines, although their key-note is evidently taken from Halleck's famous stanzas on that by-gone haunt of Apollo, Seudder's Balcony, is simply and melodiously expressed:

"There's music in the rippling stream, that flows
Along the banks, where graceful herbage grows;
There's music in the waving boughs so fair;
There's music always sounding through the air;
Eolian strains are wafted through the trees,
And magic music floats on every breeze.
There's music in the thunder peal from far,
When nature seems convulsed by angry war;
In the wild torrent, as it rolls along—
The world is filled with beauty and with song—
To feel this music and its influence own,
To feel a thrilling joy in every tone,
The heart must be to nature closely twined,
And nature with the heart sweet converse find."

The Island of Life: An Allegory. Boston: Munroe & Co.—This little volume is attractively written and well calculated, under its slight veil of allegory, to impress the all important argument of Life, Death, and Immortality on the youthful minds for which it is designed. It contains several outline illustrations, which are correct in feeling, though somewhat rude and ineffective in execution.

A History of the United States, for the use of Schools and Academies. By J. Olney. Revised and improved edition. New Haven: Durrie and Peck.—In its present form this is an excellent manual, showing the results of tact and experience on the part of its compilers. The introductory portion is useful, the arrangement is clear, there is much supplementary matter of interest in the foot notes, and the embellishments, which are entirely new in this edition, are designed with spirit and an appreciation of the various interests of the subject. Those in the preface illustrating the progress of civilization and the vignettes at the head of the leading divisions of periods, are well conceived.

The Fruit, Flower, and Kitchen Garden. By Patrick Neill, LL.D., F.R.S.E., Secretary to the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society. Adapted to the United States, from the Fourth edition, revised and improved by the author. Philadelphia: H. C. Baird.—All the original matter of this work

dah bee mage men di moo ya yiesh.' 'There you sit, you wicked old witch.'

"Some kicked her, others dragged her by her hair, and thus expressed their disapprobation—'All who shall live after thee, shall call thee *Equa* (woman).'

"The news of this disaster spread rapidly from village to village. Some numbers of men, women, and children were singularly affected. Some complained of pains in their heads, and others of pains in various parts of their bodies. Some were unable to walk, and others equally unable to speak.

"They thought some of these fell asleep, for they knew not what death was. They had never seen its presence.

"A deep solemnity began its reign in all the villages. There was no more hunting, no more games, and no song was sung to soothe the sun to its evening rest.

"Ah, it was then a penalty followed transgression.

"Disease was the consequence of the breaking of the vine. Death followed.

"One day in the midst of their distress, they consulted each other to determine what could be done. None knew.

"They watched carefully for the descent of those beings who used to visit them—and at length they came. Each strove with eagerness to tell his story. They soon found that the strangers were silent and sad. They asked the Nations what they wished to tell the Great Spirit in their distress.

"The first sent a petition that the vine might be replaced between heaven and earth.

"The second sent that the Great Spirit might cause the disease to leave them.

"The third sent a petition to have the old woman killed, since she was the cause of so much distress.

"The fourth desired that the Great Spirit would give them a great deal of game.

"The fifth, and last, that the Great Spirit would send them that which would calm and relieve them in distress.

"After they had heard these, the strangers left, telling the Indians to wait, and they should know what the Great Spirit should say to each of the petitioners.

"Each day of their absence seemed a month. At length they came, and gathered near the eager people. They told them that they must die, as the vine that had connected earth to heaven was broken; but the Great Spirit has sent us to release you, and to tell you what you must do hereafter.

"The strangers then gathered up all the flowers from the plains, river and lake sides; and after drying them on their hands, blew the leaves with their breath, and they were scattered all over the earth; wherever they fell, they sprang up and became herbs to cure all diseases.

"The Indians instituted a dance, and with it a mode of worship. These few, there met, were the first who composed a Medicine Lodge: they received their charter from the Great Spirit, and thus originated the 'Medicine Worship.'

"The strangers gave them these words, and then left:

"'There is not a flower that buds, however small, that is not for some wise purpose.

"'There is not a blade of grass, however insignificant, that the Indian does not require.

"'Learning this, and acting in accordance with these truths, will work out your own good, and will please the Great Spirit.'

"The above is universally believed by the Northwest Indians as the origin of Disease and Death, and the foundation of the Medicine Worship."

Altogether, the History is an attractive and interesting volume; a great improvement on its predecessor; and its appearance is in every way creditable to Mr. Copway, the designer, and the publishers. From his success, when-

ever he attempts it, we are satisfied that, if our author would, in any future communications with the public, but give us only the results of his own personal observation and experience, we would have from him a much more characteristic work. It is a great mistake to suppose that we admire the red man for assimilating with his white contemporary; it is of no special interest to us that he writes English prose or octosyllabic verse: the only point worthy of regard is, What can he give us of his own?

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

THE *Gentleman's Magazine*, the fine Old English Gentleman, has got on in the world, nigh through the second quarter of his second century, with various mutations of course in the ruling editorial life of his literary kingdom, from the days of Dr. Johnson and founder Cave at St. John's Gate, who saw in every person he met a possible contributor, and in every thing, we suppose, a possible fact. The *Gentleman's*, like the State, never dies. It gets a new monarch now and then, as Ben Jonson called Selden (who, by the way, was a foretaste of a capital antiquarian editor),—"Monarch in letters!" But with all its successions, not forgetting a special tribute to its recent learned Mitford, it has never been better directed than it is now with the ripe and philosophical acumen of its present editor, Mr. Bruce.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the new spirit which has got among the old letters of the *Gentleman's*. It is conservative, as it should be, dealing with the past; but its conservatism is liberal, and it gives a reason for its faith. In the lighter matters of gossip, anecdote, &c., its columns have never been more fresh and attractive. Desirous that its circulation may be extended in this country—it should at least be found in all our colleges and reading rooms—we give a few passages of the wit and wisdom of Sylvanus Urban as he appears to the world in this May number, 1831.

First, a subtle distinction, from the opening paper, a masterly handling of Fourier and Fourierism:—

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"His wit never forsook him. When near his last moments he apologized to those who stood round him all night for the trouble he had caused. 'He had been, he said, a most unconscionable time in dying; but he hoped that they would excuse it.' A similar sense of etiquette ruffled the last moments of the polite Earl of Chesterfield, whose only expressed anxiety related to his friend Dayrolles being in the room without a chair to sit down upon.

But his best saying was his last—"Let not poor Nelly starve!"

History of the Protestants of France, from the Commencement of the Reformation to the Present Time. By G. De Félice. Translated, with an Introduction, by Henry Lobbell, M.D. Edward Walker.—The author of this work, a native of Switzerland, a member of the Protestant clergy of France, and now Professor of Theology in the Seminary of the Reformed Church at Montauban, is known to American readers by his "correspondence," for a period of twenty years, published in the *New York Observer*. He has published several books advocating Protestantism in France, and is a contributor to *Le Semeur*. The present work grew out of a "prize" production for a society at Toulouse. It is written in a calm, dispassionate style, leaving the facts of the Huguenot persecution, and the noble heroism with which this was endured, to bear their own witness. The narrative is condensed in style, and forms a valuable summary of events which the pen of a Southey or Macaulay, presenting in their picturesque forms and with their onward movement of firm principle, would make familiar "household words." M. de Félice continues his abstract to the present day, noticing the latest movements of French Protestantism under the Republic.

The Solitary of Juan Fernandez; or, the Real Robinson Crusoe. By the Author of Picciola. Translated from the French, by Anne T. Wilbur. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.—The author of Picciola finds in the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, on his desolate island, a field

for the same close observation of and sympathy with nature, which made the prison-flower, Picciola, so great a favorite. He has followed the original Robinson Crusoe in a different spirit from that of his great predecessor Defoe,—his object being to educe the moral, that a solitary life can never be a happy or an elevating mode of existence. Selkirk surrounds himself with comforts, but his happiness, the little that his hard lot vouchsafes to him, arises from the companionship of an ourang-outang, who deserts from his ship with him. This humble companion dies, and the Solitary loses his interest in his cabin, his garden, and other agricultural amusements, and becomes a savage, leaping from rock to rock in pursuit of wild goats for his sustenance. One of the most agreeable parts of the book is its opening in the tap-room of a small Scotch village, presided over by a buxom landlady, a sad flirt, on a sharp lookout for a husband. The old feminine experiment, of two strings to a bow, fails as usual, both suitors going off to sea as captain and sailor. This preamble is linked on to the main subject by the jealousy of the captain inducing him to leave his youthful rival on a desert island, where the main incidents of the narrative occur.

Ida. Boston: Munroe & Co.—This little volume contains a poem in three books, which, although bearing evident marks of "prentice hand," is smoothly and pleasantly written. The poet starts forth on a pleasant summer morn on his "iron grey," with his "dog, of all the world so true," not as might be supposed in quest of adventure, but for a leisurely ride through wood and field. He falls in with one of maturer years, with whom he enters into conversation, and who narrates to him the untoward course of his love—the lady-fair being the Ida whose name furnishes the title—a narrative which occupies the two remaining books of the poem. Its incidents are commonplace and somewhat hackneyed by long poetic service. We prefer the opening, descriptive passages of the poem to their more ambitious sequence. The following lines, although their key-note is evidently taken from Halleck's famous stanzas on that by-gone haunt of Apollo, Seaduder's Balcony, is simply and melodiously expressed:

"There's music in the rippling stream, that flows
Along the banks, where graceful herbage grows;
There's music in the waving boughs so fair;
There's music always sounding through the air;
Eolian strains are wafted through the trees,
And magic music floats on every breeze.
There's music in the thunder peal from far,
When nature seems convulsed by angry war;
In the wild torrent, as it rolls along,—
The world is filled with beauty and with song—
To feel this music and its influence own,
To feel a thrilling joy in every tone,
The heart must be to nature closely twined,
And nature with the heart sweet converse find."

The Island of Life: An Allegory. Boston: Munroe & Co.—This little volume is attractively written and well calculated, under its slight veil of allegory, to impress the all important argument of Life, Death, and Immortality on the youthful minds for which it is designed. It contains several outline illustrations, which are correct in feeling, though somewhat rude and ineffective in execution.

A History of the United States, for the use of Schools and Academies. By J. Olney. Revised and improved edition. New Haven: Durrie and Peck.—In its present form this is an excellent manual, showing the results of tact and experience on the part of its compilers. The introductory portion is useful, the arrangement is clear, there is much supplementary matter of interest in the foot notes, and the embellishments, which are entirely new in this edition, are designed with spirit and an appreciation of the various interests of the subject. Those in the preface illustrating the progress of civilization and the vignettes at the head of the leading divisions of periods, are well conceived.

The Fruit, Flower, and Kitchen Garden. By Patrick Neill, LL.D., F.R.S.E., Secretary to the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society. Adapted to the United States, from the Fourth edition, revised and improved by the author. Philadelphia: H. C. Baird.—All the original matter of this work

is retained, rendering it especially serviceable from its Scottish origin, to the northern portions of our country. The additional matter is of interest, particularly that relating to the culture of the grape at Cincinnati. Mr. Longworth finds that we must rely in our cultivation of the grape for wine upon our native grapes and new varieties raised from them by crosses with the best table and wine grapes of Europe. The acclimation of plants he has not found to succeed. They must be engrafted on the native stock. The Catawba, in the wine produce of which he has been so successful, is, Mr. Longworth thinks, clearly derived from the common Fox grape. The wine produced from the Catawba, now recognised as an article of luxury at our tables, varies from a clear water-color to straw color and pink, with a fine fruity flavor and slightly musky rich aroma. By mixing the produce of the new vintage with that of an old, half and half, this book explains to us the production of the sparkling wine much resembling Moselle. If Catawba grapes are thoroughly ripened, no sugar will be required in making the wine, whilst wine made from the Isabella, resembling a light Madeira, requires this addition.

Thoughts on Self-Culture, addressed to Women. By Maria G. Wey and her sister, Emily Shirreff. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.—Without undertaking to commend any exclusive system in this book—one of a class, by the way, much overdone—we may speak with respect of the ability of the writers, their reading and reflections, and the value of many of their practical suggestions. In the chapter on “the culture of the imagination” the distinction taken between the work of the poet and of the ordinary novelist, contains an admirable secret of mental cultivation. “The grand conceptions of the poet are true in ideal beauty; the novelist’s pictures of real life are false, because necessarily covered with an unreal gloss.” The train of thought and deductions arising from this, supported by the lofty sentences of Bacon, as enforced in this chapter, alone render the book well worthy of purchase by our female readers.

The American Miller, and Millwright’s Assistant. By William Carter Hughes. Philadelphia: H. C. Baird.—A comprehensive manual designed by the author, a practical miller, to form a correct guide to an important branch of American industry “in a shape of substantial reference.” To the details of construction, motive power, &c., is added Dr. Lewis C. Beck’s valuable Report to the Commissioner of Patents, in 1848, on Breadstuffs, their relative value, and the injury which they sustain from various causes.

The Turner’s Companion. Philadelphia: H. C. Baird. A work of practical value, containing instructions in concentric, elliptic, and eccentric turning, various plates of chucks, tools, and instruments, directions for use, patterns, &c. The author confesses himself an enthusiast for this delicate branch of mechanical art, and confidently recommends its nice processes to female hands. The latter has a classical interest, and is at least as well worthy of cultivation for amusement by the fair sex as the embroidery frame. A turning lathe in a boudoir would be an agreeable novelty. For practicabilities, consult Mr. Baird’s well illustrated little volume.

The Harmony of Prophecy; or, Scriptural Illustrations of the Apocrypha, by the Rev. Alexander Keith, D.D. Harpers. *Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation*, a book for the times, by an American citizen, with an Introductory Essay by Calvin E. Stone, D.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. *Angelic Wisdom concerning the Divine Love and the Divine Wisdom*, translated from the Latin of Emanuel Swedenborg, originally published at Amsterdam, 1763, from the last London edition.—The first of these theological works is a technical exposition of the Apocalypse, appealing rather to divines than the general reader. The second work is a new edition of an argument for Christianity, self evolved from the necessities of the human being, and a correction of infidelity. The publication of Swedenborg is one of a series issued by the American Swedenborg Printing and Pub-

lishing Society, which must be in a successful progress, as it issues this book, an unusually well printed 8vo. of 180 pages, at the low price, in paper covers, of twenty cents.

The Year Book of Facts in Science and Art, conducted by John Timbs, well known in London for his experience as a collector of intelligence of this class, is a publication, now continued for several years, of acknowledged interest and usefulness. Its republication has now been undertaken by A. Hart, Philadelphia. The volume for 1851 is now ready, a creditable reproduction of the London edition, in the same convenient form, including numerous collections of the experiments and results of the year in the Mechanical Arts, Natural Philosophy and History, Astronomy, &c.

The Art Journal for May.—This number commences the illustrated Catalogue of the World’s Fair, and will give the public on this side of the Atlantic a better idea of the marvels of that gigantic Industrial Exposition than anything which has yet appeared. The illustrations are some three hundred in number, all executed with that clearness and beauty which has given the journal its high pictorial fame, and embrace an immense variety of beautiful articles, from a colossal statue to a pair of scissors. The portion of the number devoted to the usual routine of the publication is also of much value, containing a page in colors of specimens of tile mosaics for floors, five fac similes on wood of some of Albert Durer’s most celebrated etchings, a line engraving from an exuberant landscape of Turner’s, and a half-length “Flower Girl” by Howard—both from the Vernon Gallery.

Messrs. STRINGER & TOWNSEND have published in a new edition Douglas Jerrold’s *Mrs. Caudle’s Lectures from Punch*. A new edition of Mr. Maxwell’s *Wild Sports of the West*, a book of well flavored Irish sketches of enduring popularity, has been issued by PETERSON, Philadelphia. PHILLIPS, SAMSON & Co.’s *Shakspeare* is completed with No. XXXVIII., the publication of Othello. Title-pages and index are given for the seven volumes. The Poetical Works are to be issued immediately. Stephens’s and Norton’s *Farmer’s Guide*, No. XVIII., from SCOTT & Co. *The Wife’s Sister; or, the Forbidden Marriage*, by Mrs. Hubbuck, with the promising addition, “Niece of Mrs. Austen,” and the *Gold Washippers; or, the Days we Live in*, a future historical novel, by the author of *Whitefriars*, are the latest issues of HARPER’S usually excellent “Library of Select Novels.”

The numbers of the *Paris Revue des Deux Mondes* for April 1 and 15, and May 1, conclude Madame George Sand’s *Chateau des Desertes*, and contain papers on Paraguay, St. Domingo, a political essay by Cousin on the Principles of the French Revolution and Representative Government, a review of Ticknor’s *Spanish Literature* by M. Prosper Merimee, Socialism and Democratic Literature in England by M. Emile Montégut, Modern Painters and Sculptors—Gericault, by M. Gustave Planche, &c (BAILLIERE, Agent, 290 Broadway).

LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia, have issued a new edition of Walker’s *Intermarriage*, formerly published by the Langleys.

RECENT DEATHS.

DR. SAMUEL GEORGE MORTON.

WE have from Philadelphia the melancholy intelligence of the death of Dr. SAMUEL GEO. MORTON of that city, one of the brightest ornaments of our age and country. He expired on Thursday evening last, after a brief but severe illness of three days. Probably no scientific man in America enjoyed a higher reputation among scholars, throughout the world, than Dr. Morton. In medicine, he early received the highest honors of the Universities of Pennsylvania and of Edinburgh; and in his professional career earned a success which is rarely equalled, but never surpassed. “His claims to distinction in this capacity,” says the *American*, “were proved by his well known work on

Consumption, and by other valuable publications, as well as by his lectures at the Philadelphia Hospital, Pennsylvania College, and other medical institutions with which he was at different times connected.

“He was for thirty years a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, and for many years its President; and, what is more, with the additional incumbrance of this general scientific participation, he found time also to produce those great works, the *Crania Americana* and *Crania Egyptiaca*, which immediately placed him in the front rank of archaeologists and ethnographers throughout the world.”

Dr. Morton’s Museum of Crania, the basis of his principal work, is the largest in the world, and is the great feature in the Museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences, in which it is deposited. It was collected at the private expense and by the individual exertions of Dr. Morton, whose zeal in scientific research was not less to be admired than his cool judgment, clear discrimination, and deference for the opinions and feelings of others. “In France,” said the late lamented Dr. Prichard, “where scientific men have long been devoted, under the patronage of the Government, to researches on this subject; in England, possessed of her immense advantages of wealth and intercourse; in the academies of Italy and Germany; in all of these, and with all their advantages, nothing has been done which equals the results of Dr. Morton’s unaided labors in a world which we call new.” The impetus which he gave to this branch of science has been felt even in Russia, where the Emperor has founded in St. Petersburg a National Museum, which can only hope to equal that of our lamented countryman.

Wherever science has her votaries, the news of Dr. Morton’s death will carry pain. We trust that his friends and co-laborers of the Philadelphia Academy will lose no time in presenting to the world a comprehensive sketch of his life and services. He has built his own monument.—*Tribune*, May 20.

DIED, in this city, on Friday, May 16th, of Pleurisy, after an illness of seven days, EDWARD C. ROSS, LL.D., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the New York Free Academy.

In the death of this eminent man our country is deprived of one of its most experienced and able instructors and accurate scholars in the Mathematical Sciences. Dr. Ross was born in a northern county of the State of Pennsylvania—was graduated from the Military Academy with high honor in 1821, and remained in the U. S. Army until 1839, having during this period been engaged ten years as an Assistant Professor of Mathematics in the Military Academy, and employed in severe service during the war in Florida, in which he gained distinction by the fidelity with which his duties were discharged. He was appointed in 1840 Professor of Mathematics in Kenyon College, Ohio, which position he filled creditably for eight years, until he was chosen Professor in the New York Free Academy. In the superintendence of the Mathematical Department of this Institution, he was impressed with a profound sense of the responsibilities of the position, in which the development of so many youthful minds depended in a degree upon his exertions, and he endeavored by industry and vigilance to discharge faithfully the duties devolved upon him. His labors of public and private instruction proved, however, too severe for him, and a large circle of friends and former pupils, in the Army and among the educated men of the country, are bereaved of an esteemed associate, and the Free Academy of one of its

most distinguished Professors.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

THE NEW JERSEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THIS Society held its meeting 15th May, in the Hall of the Library Buildings, Newark, N. J. The meeting was opened about twelve o'clock, by the Hon. Chief Justice Hornblower, President of the society. After the proceedings of the last meeting in January were read by the Secretary, a lengthy catalogue of correspondence was produced and subsequently read by the Corresponding Secretary. Most of these letters were of an interesting biographical character, and many of them were from gentlemen in different parts of the country, soliciting the society to adopt means for the purpose of tracing the genealogy of some friend or acquaintance. After some desultory and very interesting remarks, these documents were ordered to be laid before the Committee on Biography.

The list of donations since the meeting in January was then read, and the result spoke highly of the standing of the institution, and the esteem in which it is held. The subject of balloting for members proposed for initiation at the last meeting was then taken up, and the result was the admission of several additional members, of high literary and moral standing, into the society. Several gentlemen were then nominated for initiation at the next meeting in September. After a considerable time spent in the disposal of routine business, Hon. WM. DUER, formerly President of Columbia College, moved a resolution, that that society call upon the relatives of the late J. Stevens, well known in scientific circles, for such papers of the deceased as they may have in their possession, in order to aid in transmitting that gentleman's memoirs to posterity. After a short discourse by Mr. Duer, eulogistic of the merits of Mr. Stevens, and some similar remarks from other gentlemen, the resolution was adopted.

The next subject taken up was where the next meeting of the society should be held. It was proposed and supported by several members, to hold the September meeting in Somerville. That proposition was objected to by others, and Princeton was named as the next place of rendezvous. These two opposite propositions produced some discussion.

Hon. Mr. DUER said, he would recommend that the next meeting be held at Somerville. It would be a compromise between East and West Jersey, and he hoped would serve to allay in a great degree unpleasant feelings which existed between the two divisions of the State.

The Hon. gentleman's conciliatory proposition was adopted, and it was unanimously decided to hold the next meeting of the New Jersey Historical Society in Somerville, on such a day in September next as the executive committee may determine.

Mr. J. P. BRADLEY, Treasurer of the society, then read a number of lengthy and elaborately written papers on coins, showing their relative and current value, their rise and depreciation in value in the different provinces, under the old colonial government, and traced the changes in the current coins of the several States of the republic since the Declaration of Independence up to the present day.

The Hon. GEO. BANCROFT next took the stand, and read a paper on "The Early Union of the American Provinces." The *Newark Advertiser* says:—Mr. B. enumerated nine different propositions of efforts for forming a union between the colonies; some proceeding

from the colonies themselves, and some from the government at home; some of them being partially or temporarily carried out, and some never acted on. The first of these was the association of the four New England colonies—Massachusetts, New Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven, in 1643. It provided for a representation of each colony by two commissioners, thus shadowing forth the institution of our present Senate. Such projects were suggested by the Board of Trade, by William Penn, by Daniel Coxe, by Dr. Franklin, by Lord Halifax, by Grenville, and by the delegates to the Congress of 1765. The Albany plan of union drawn up by Dr. Franklin in 1754, presented many of the features of the Federation that was subsequently adopted. All these various schemes and propositions prepared the public mind for the proceedings of 1765, when delegates met at New York, and laid the foundation of that basis of union and co-operation which resulted in the final consummation of the American Confederacy, and the national power and glory at the revolution. The principal credit of the wise and far-reaching measures adopted by this Congress (of 1765) is due to Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina, a man of the clearest views, the firmest purpose, and the most indomitable courage and will. James Otis, of Massachusetts, who his contemporaries said wore the cloak of a madman and a fool, was also conspicuous in this assembly, as the asserter of the true principles of liberty. They rejected all recourse to the technical language of royal charters, as a foundation of the rights and liberties which they claimed, and planted themselves on the true ground—the laws of nature, and the inalienable rights of men and Englishmen.

The meeting adjourned about 4 o'clock, and the members and several guests repaired to the City Hotel, where they partook of a sumptuous dinner, and where some brilliant speeches were made, all expressive of love for the Union and the interests of the republic generally.—(*New York Herald and Newark Advertiser.*)

[From the Vermont Union Whig, May 14.]

THE PULPIT.

We have seldom met with a newspaper article upon any subject which seemed to us so just, so true, and so timely, as the following remarks upon "The Pulpit," from the *Literary World* [No. 219, April 12]. We find them copied with censure in the N. Y. Observer; and while we cannot agree to the criticism made by the latter paper, we are pleased that it has given an article so well fitted to be useful, to the numerous body of clergy among whom it circulates, but who are not reached by the *Literary World*. We wish that all the other Religious Journals of the country would do likewise.

If we have not mistaken the meaning of the writer below, the criticisms upon him originate in an erroneous impression of the scope of his article. We do not admit, and we do not understand the *Literary World* to assert that the clergy of the day are on the whole behind either of the learned professions in the accomplishments of General Literature. Professional men generally are woefully deficient in "the study of Literature as an Art." There are multitudes of more or less successful men in all the professions, for whom the great masters of human thought and human feeling have lived and written almost in vain. Emerson says that the number of men in the country who read Plato can be counted on your hand; and we believe we cannot remember twice that number who have a thorough, intimate, adequate acquaintance with our own great Shakespeare. It is not that the clergy are behind the other pro-

fessions, but that the clergy owe it to themselves and the world to be foremost of all in the completeness of their culture; and thus to be "thoroughly furnished unto all good works." Whatever those may do who are immediately engaged only the advancement of secular interests, the clergyman cannot afford to refuse the invigorating influence of that "life-blood of master-spirits" which LITERATURE has "treasured up."

The *Literary World* remarks that the want of a well trained imagination is the greatest defect of the pulpit. By this is meant, not as the Observer seems to suppose, a vivid and poetical fancy, but that higher and rarer faculty which is sometimes named Originality, and sometimes Genius, the presence of which alone gives vitality to whatever lives permanently in human memory; and which is, in a word, the highest fact, and "bright consummate flower" of our intellectual nature. It is this Genial faculty which shall enable the preacher who is "instructed unto the kingdom of Heaven" to "bring forth from his treasure things new and old;" that is, to give even to world-old truth the freshness and charm of newness; for Genius, like the Redeemed in Heaven, "sings a new song," for evermore. This faculty is the most powerful and the most influential of human energies. It is of little consequence whether it is more or less active in the clergy than in other classes; for it is enough that the world needs it more and more largely in the clergy, and that it is to be developed where it exists (and it exists in all men, potentially) by a profound and intimate acquaintance with the Masters of Literature.

S. M. C.

THE DRAMA.

ALTHOUGH it is no ordinary place, Niblo's Garden is very like an ordinary in the circumstance that you are always pretty sure to find something palatable and relishing at his house of entertainment. Mr. Placide, who has been on the dish, or on the board, for the last week, may be safely considered as genuine, healthful roast beef, of such substance and resource that you may always "cut and come again," a privilege of which true theatre-goers are not slow in availing themselves, many faces, young and old admirers of our classic comedian, stereotyping themselves nightly among the audience. The new piece in which Mr. Placide personates Mons. Achille Talma Dufard, has been successful; and, for once, the language of the bill may be taken for criticism when it says he "appears as the Frenchman, in which character he has been received by delighted audiences with the most vociferous laughter and continuous applause during the entire representation of the piece." The plot of "First Night" is very simple and familiar, exhibiting merely the various attempts of M. Dufard to secure an engagement for his daughter, Mad'le Emilie Antoinette Rose, with the customary rehearsal, appeals to pre-occupied and over-engaged managers; her substitution on the moment in place of the heroine of the tragedy, which is exhibited at the back of the stage; recital of passages of the French heroic blank verse, &c., &c., in all of which Mr. Placide figures to great advantage, and with a spirit we have rarely seen him equal in any of his various performances. His costume is unique and spacious, and so different from his dress in any other part, that he may feel as if he were in reality another man, and indulge in an abandon which is not often characteristic of his peculiar style.

It will be remembered that recently, when Mr. Duganne's new play, "The Lydian Queen," was produced at the Philadelphia Theatres, the author complained that his language had been imperfectly rendered: to which it was alleged, in the published reports

of the affair, that Mr. Couldock (the actor intrusted with the chief part) had responded that the united genius of Garrick, Kemble, and Kean (or to that effect) could not impart force to it. Since then we have encountered in one of the journals a few passages of the Lydian Queen, and we do not hesitate to say that they are eminently forcible, and could not fail of a great effect upon the audience, if properly delivered. We present two or three examples of the style of the play:—

THE ASTROLOGER.

Zagreus. This night the stars reveal to us our fate!

Thine, I no, and mine own. Behold, even now
The last dim ray of sunlight disappears,
And one by one the radiant messengers
Of good and ill to mankind, gleam above us.
Seest thou yon placid orb, whose silver light
Is shimmering through the deepest blue? 'Tis
thine!

Thine, I no!—brightening, glowing, radiating:
Fortune and honors are in store for thee!

I no. For me?

Zagreus. Thy destiny is clear before me:
Fortune that shall o'erstep the airiest heights
Thy fancy ever clambered—honors, I no,
That shall invest thee with Diana's lustre.

A GREAT CITY.

This, then, is Sardis!

A city of marble halls and marble hearts!
I wonder not men's souls are narrower,
Pent in these darksome streets, where the free air
Grows tainted by confinement—where the sun
Gleams pale and sickly, like a leper's smile.
Dull eyes look on the stranger as he walks,
And if he speaks, suspicion answers him.
Give me the mountain and the breezy plain,
To nurse the soul of men—the city chokes it!

THE STORMS.

I no. Fearest thou the storms?

Hermion. The mountain storms! aye, truly!
I no. I do love them!

O, I exult when from the murky air
The lightning darts around the rocking trees,
And the wild thunder crashes through the clouds,
Striking some flying murderer to the earth!
When from the rocks the torrent leaps, and frets,
And dashes onward, like a glorious steed,
With the frothy bridle in his champing teeth!
'Tis beautiful—'tis grand!

Hermion. 'Tis terrible!

I no. Terrible to the coward—eloquent music
To one who feels that Jove speaks in the thunder!

Of an absent countrywoman we are happy to find this favorable report in a late number of the *Liverpool Mercury*:—"Since Mrs. Mowatt's arrival in England she has cast away that diffidence which characterized her first appearance in this country; and whilst her acting has lost none of the natural grace which then distinguished it, it has become more finished and easy. Her person, too, has attained more *embonpoint*, without at all detracting from its elegance, and her voice is clear and musical. Sanguine expectations were entertained, on the first appearance of this lady in England, that she would attain a high position in her profession. These expectations she has fully realized, and now ranks among the leading actresses of the day."

Mr. Thomas Barry, who was so long and so favorably known as stage-manager of the Park theatre, we understand has been engaged to take the management of the Broadway, under the auspices of Mr. E. A. Marshall. The friends of Mr. Barry, and he has thousands in the city, will rejoice that he returns to us after three years' absence, and once more enters on a career for which he has been so eminently prepared by nature and education. There will be many hands extended to welcome the old stage-manager to this great field of the metropolis.

FACTS AND OPINIONS

OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND MOVEMENTS OF THE DAY.

MESSES. GOUFIL & Co. have received proof impressions of Ary Scheffer's Christmas Remunerator—one of the most elevated and spirited of his compositions. All the figures are presented to us in a mystic atmosphere, "an ampler ether, a diviner air." The persons and accessories are thus described on the accompanying sheet of letter-press:—"And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on his left."—S. MATTHEW, ch. xxv. v. 33. In the shade, on the left Tyranny; at his feet, a willing slave picking gold out of the mud; in the background Revolt bearing a torch and a poniard, together with Hypocrisy, Blasphemy, Pride, and Lust; in the foreground Mary Magdalen, the Prodigal Son, and St. Paul separating themselves from the wicked, and returning to the Lord.—On the right, the Elect; first Labor; Charity distributing food and raiment to suffering Humanity under the shadow of the Lord; in the background, and contrasting with Revolt, the Patriot holding up his broken chain and sword towards Heaven in token of gratitude; in the foreground, the Doctor teaching the law of Christ; religious Exaltation, Devotion, and the Pure in heart and spirit."

The annual meeting of the Art-Union of London was held on the 28th April. This institution has been in operation fifteen years, and has advanced from a first year's subscription of £489 to a subscription, for 1850, of £11,470. From Boston (U. S.) there was acknowledged a list of 204 names through the Honorary Secretary, Mr. W. H. Dennet. Thirty-nine prizes fell to Americans—a prize of 100*l.* for the purchase of a picture from an English artist, to A. Roberts, New York; one of 80*l.* to G. Hayward, Boston; one of 40*l.* to C. Lanman, Boston; one of 25*l.* to E. Codman, Boston; one of 20*l.* to J. P. Davis, do.; three of 15*l.* to R. P. Clark, Bunker Hill, J. N. Howe, Boston, and Miss M. A. Slater, New York; two of 10*l.* to J. Jackson, New York, and J. W. Pennoch, Phila.; a bronze bust of the Queen to Sarah Munro, Boston; tazzas in iron to L. Pennington, Phila., R. Unwin, Albany; porcelain statuettes of "The Dancing Girl Reposing," to W. Caldwell, jun., Boston, A. R. P. Cooper, Boston, Ed. Green, Phila., H. Ingersoll, Phila., B. Loring, Boston, Louisa Waterhouse, Cambridge, Mass.; India proofs of "The Crucifixion, after Hilton," to S. Agnew, Phila., Mrs. J. Arnold, New Bedford, C. J. H. Bassett, Taunton, W. W. Coreoran, Boston, S. F. Damon, Boston, J. R. Dow, Boston, R. D. Morse, Boston, Master R. Morris, Phila., Jno. Nicholson, New York, A. H. Smith, Phila., Dr. J. A. Tarbell, Boston, M. Trissell, Potosi, Missouri, C. B. Wood, New York; India proofs of "Queen Philippa interceding for the Burgesses of Calais, after Selous," to W. H. Dennet, Boston, C. H. Edwards, W. Whitaker, do., and Mrs. A. D. Williams, Phila.

A new book is to appear from the pen of Thos. Carlyle. An idea of its expected spirit may be gathered from this mention of it in the *Leader*:—"It may be remembered that some time ago Archdeacon Hare published a *Memoir* of the late John Sterling, which dissatisfied many of Sterling's friends by the tone it adopted, and many more by the ignoring or ignorance of the fact that Sterling had completely emancipated himself from all religious dogmas. The archdeacon treated him as if he had been no more than a 'rationalist,' whereas he was no 'ist' at all. To set this and all other points in their true light, Carlyle has undertaken the biography of his friend, and we hope he has availed himself of the occasion to say a few plain, energetic words on the great subject. Sterling was one of the many who earnestly thought through dogmatism, if the phrase may stand, and passed various stages of what is regarded as orthodoxy, until he finally settled in that spiritualism which, with Catholicism, seems certain to destroy the present Church."

VARIETIES.

[From the London Punch.]

MR. PUNCH'S COUNTER AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—As nothing, nowadays, is complete without the presence of Mr. Punch, we have opened a Counter at the Exhibition. It is not for us to admire it—that is a pleasure we cheerfully leave to others. The value of the Counter, however, will be best proved by the following short description of a few articles exhibited in it:—

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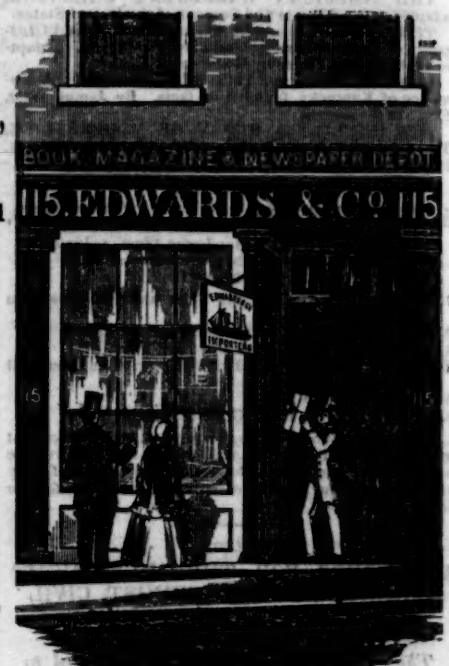
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